New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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A. J. P. TAYLOR
Profile with Vicky drawing

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WOLFENDEN REVISITED
C. H. Rolph

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BARON CORVO
John Raymond

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Providence Proposes

SUEZ. Rent increases. H-bombs. Polio vaccine. And now a 7 per cent. Bank rate. If the government claims that it is its luck rather than its judgment which is at fault, then it looks as if Providence is proposing a Labour government after the next election. But in the end it will be the Labour Party itself which disposes – and so far its preparations for power are not altogether convincing. Mr Gaitskell may be forgiven his whoop of joy on the night of the Gloucester election; but a longer look at the figures next morning must have suggested that a more pertinent observation was a more cautious one: how astonishingly disillusioned the marginal voters have become with Mr Macmillan's government – and how little they yet desire to vote Labour.

Turning disgruntled Tory votes into positive Labour support is the task of next week's Labour Party conference. Since the shock of the present economic crisis, Mr Macmillan's government is for the first time beginning to look sufficiently knocked about for an untimely dissolution of the present parliament to be considered a serious possibility. If Mr Macmillan decides – as on balance we believe he will find advantageous – to hang on for another couple of years, it is still true that the attention of the electorate is beginning to concentrate on the choice of his successor.

Thus the semantics of next week's conference are of crucial importance if Labour is to convince the electorate that a protest vote against Toryism can be used for a more constructive purpose than merely to foster the nostalgic delusions of the Liberal Party. And it is in this context that the debate on party policy must be judged. The decisions of the Labour conference have a double importance. Not only do they set the keynote for party propaganda, they also – unlike the resolutions of the Conservative conference – commit a sometimes reluctant leadership to particular measures of policy. It is worth recalling, for instance, that the 1945 election programme (and hence the policy of the Attlee government) would have been a very different one if the 1944 conference had not insisted, against powerful advice, on specific measures of nationalisation.

This year again public ownership is a key issue; and the decisions which are taken will determine not only (as G. D. H. Cole argues on another page) the direction in which Labour is now setting its course, but also the instruments with which it is arming itself to plan the economy of Britain. We hope that the delegates, in arguing as they should and must the basic philosophy of democratic Socialism, will not forget that they are constructing their election platform and they will need the support of those who are concerned with the concrete facts of life – employment, wages, prices, pensions, rents and homes – rather than with the abstractions of political theory. This is by no means an argument against public ownership. On the contrary Labour must explain to these people that public ownership itself is one of the instruments which will enable another Labour government to meet their needs and safeguard their interests. The alternative, in other words, to an extortionate Bank rate, which meets inflation and an adverse balance of payments with the indiscriminate cutting of investment and welfare, is the planning of the economy and the application of selective controls. Some of these may be applied directly by regulation, some are part and parcel of public ownership. Their common purpose must be to ensure that productive investment in the basic and exporting industries is maintained at the expense of less essential investment, while the bill for Britain's economic development is shared fairly and the extension of the Welfare State is continued.

Even the non-political public is beginning to be aware that six years of Toryism has resulted in an unnecessary inflation, whose burdens are increasingly unjustly distributed. It is the duty of the Labour leaders next week to explain in popular language just how a Labour government proposes to tackle these problems and how the principles of Socialism are strictly relevant to the problems of today. If this chance is taken Labour will immediately look like the alternative government, and then – but only then – can it justify in rational terms the optimism which has been perhaps rather too easily engendered by recent elections.

Comments on the Week's News

The Unions Prepare for Battle

Employers are already taking a tougher line towards trade union claims, and the trade unions are not at all minded to be made the scapegoats for the government's difficulties or to accept the government's measures as the right ways of dealing with an admittedly serious economic situation. The British Motor Corporation's threat to make an aggressive response to any future unofficial strike nominally arises out of the attempt of the unions to enforce 100 per cent. membership, but it is clearly meant as a much more general threat. Evidently, if the government's new policy leads to a growth of unemployment – as it seems bound to do – the unions will have to be prepared to find employers not only resisting demands for higher wages or a shorter working week, but also attempting to stiffen up workshop 'discipline' and take advantage of the weakened bargaining power of the unions. There seems, then, to be every likelihood in the coming months of an intensified struggle between the unions and the employers, with the government, this time, giving the employers much more support than it has given them on previous occasions. In this situation, there will evidently be a keen tussle by both sides to win the support of the uncommitted elements of public opinion, and each side will do its best to blacken its adversary. The employers will argue, untruly, that the unions are chiefly responsible for the inflationary pressures; while the unions will accuse the government of following a policy calculated to destroy full employment and, by cutting investment, to restrict both production and productivity. In our view, the unions have in this matter the much stronger case, but it will not be easy for them to put it across in face of a largely hostile press.

The Ultimate Sanction

At last the issue has been forced. President Eisenhower has been reluctant to assert his authority for fear of precipitating a crisis throughout the South. But, in the end, he had no choice. There is no doubt that had he failed to uphold the federal court in Little Rock the fabric of order and justice would have broken, and the Supreme Court rulings against segregation would have been openly repudiated in every diehard state in Dixie. The decision to place the Arkansas National Guard in federal service was essential: Governor Faubus is thus pushed aside. The presidential proclamation on 'Obstruction of Justice in the State of Arkansas' is an emergency measure, under which the President upholds the 14th Amendment guaranteeing 'the equal protection of the laws', and it will permit federal officers to act against both the rioters and those who incite them to unlawful assemblies and combinations. But the dramatic decision to send in units of the 101st Airborne Division is the final proof that Washington now means business. There is no doubt that the President is entitled to use federal troops in this way – despite the howl of protest that has gone up from the Dixiecrats – but the decision to use them marks a point of no return for the South. It must now choose whether it will fight all the way, thus making Washington 'impose integration with bayonets', or give way resentfully but without hope of stopping de-segregation. The ultimate sanction no longer lurks dimly in the background, only to be invoked after long legal delays. Governor Faubus has driven the President to use it – and he may thus have finally destroyed any hope that the South may have had of blackmailing the rest of the Union into accepting its 'special position' for fear of constitutional tension and disorder.

The Jews in Russia

The Soviet tradition of anti-Zionism, highlighted yet again by the recent detention in Odessa of Mr Chazan, an Israel diplomat, has been enshrined in the Communist canon at least since Lenin, who considered, perhaps understandably, that the whole concept of Zionism was anti-Socialist and a dangerously disruptive factor in the new Soviet state. The considerations, however, which moved Lenin were largely invalidated once the USSR was securely established and the 'problem of the nationalities' had been successfully settled. Yet, throughout Stalin's reign, the Jewish community was never successfully assimilated, and during his last years anti-Semitism, as well as anti-Zionism, in both the USSR and the satellites, began to assume terrorist proportions. Since Krushchev took over, there is every reason to believe that the element of terror has gone. But the anti-Semitism which has bedevilled politics in the Slav countries since long before 1917 continues, and is exemplified in many of Krushchev's personal attitudes. Moreover, anti-Zionism, which ought to have become a dead letter in Soviet politics, has been actually increased by the Soviet conviction that Israel is an island of western imperialism in the anti-colonial sea of the Middle East. Thus the obvious solution, that those Soviet Jews who have not been successfully assimilated – and who thus feel a tug of loyalty to another state – should be encouraged to emigrate to Israel, is politically objectionable, and the distribution of harmless Israeli propaganda (which is presumably what Mr Chazan was doing) is regarded as an anti-Soviet act. The attitude of the Polish authorities under Gomulka is in sharp contrast. Polish Jews, who have suffered a good deal in the last ten years, have this year been quietly leaving Poland for Israel in considerable numbers, with the connivance, if not the public blessing, of the Polish government. It is reasonable to hope that the Soviet authorities will come to understand that this degree of tolerance, despite certain obvious disadvantages, is the sensible solution to their problem – and a solution which need not be publicised. The Israelis, for their part, must be careful that incautious propaganda does not, by causing the Russians an unnecessary degree of political embarrassment, postpone the long-awaited day of homecoming for their cousins in the Soviet Union.

NEXT WEEK

Autumn Books Number

An enlarged issue, including a Portrait of a Provincial Intellectual by John Braine, an appreciation of Dudintsev's 'Not by Bread Alone' by V. S. Pritchett and a selected list of forthcoming books

Dedijer is Silenced

All Socialists will deplore the refusal of the Yugoslav government to grant an exit visa to Vladimir Dedijer. Professor Dedijer was due in London this week to take part in a meeting of the International Seminar for Socialist Studies, and he was shortly to take up a year's academic appointment at Manchester University. When the arrangements for his visit were made, the Yugoslav authorities gave no indication that they would refuse to grant a visa, and their sudden change of front is as incomprehensible as it is indefensible. Whilst in Manchester, Dedijer was expected to supervise the publication of his definitive history of the Yugoslav revolution and to give extracts in lecture form, so that there was little risk that he would touch on controversial subjects. Indeed, his freedom to travel abroad had been interpreted by many west European Socialists as evidence that Tito's promises, given at the 1952 Yugoslav Party Congress, to democratise the regime were still considered binding, and that Yugoslavia had a contribution to make to democratic Socialism. It must now be feared that the restriction on Dedijer, plus reports that the regime is preparing a new Djilas trial, are part of a deliberate attempt to discourage all criticism of the regime – and an attempt prompted not so much by the publication of *The New Class*, as by the Hungarian revolution and events in Poland. Tito's drift back towards the 'Socialist camp', it seems, is motivated not so much by foreign policy – where he still preserves his independence – as by his fear that reformist experiments have an inherent tendency to get out of hand, and may ultimately imperil his own position. While Gomulka remains convinced that uninhibited discussion within the party is the best safeguard of Communist rule, Tito appears to have opted for the more orthodox methods of Stalinist thought-control.

Inflation and Capital

The report of the International Monetary Fund for 1957, published this week, is devoted mainly to an attack on inflation as a world problem. This, it says, is due less to wage claims than to a demand for capital that runs persistently ahead of savings – the gap being bridged by expanded financial credit. This demand for capital arises partly from the rapid rate of technological development in both industry and agriculture, from the 'persistent optimism' of businessmen in planning new industrial investment, from demands for capital in the social services, and from the rapidly increasing capital requirements of the underdeveloped countries. In some countries which have had recent experience of unbounded inflation, the report says, public opinion is ready to support 'more policy measures' designed to check rising prices, whereas in others, 'probably the majority', public opinion fights shy of any measures thought likely to carry the risk of widespread unemployment. The report ends by proclaiming that it has gradually come to be understood 'that the desire to avoid another depression is not by itself an adequate guide for policy in the post-war world'. With these words the IMF gives at least a strong hint to governments that it prefers monetary stability to full employment, if and when these objectives appear to conflict. This means, in effect, that the IMF is giving its support to the curtailment of the investment pro-

gramme and of production, in the hope of curing the world's financial ills—a policy which will certainly antagonise Labour and Socialist opinion everywhere and threaten the development programmes of the underdeveloped parts of the world. It will not only restrict their access to capital but also, by squeezing both the prices and the demand for their primary products, worsen their terms of trade with the developed countries on which they depend for capital goods.

Sex and Race in South Africa

For many years the fanatically religious Nationalist Party has been trying to ban displays of women's underwear from South African shop windows and advertisements. If it succeeds in that, the only effect will be that South African men will suffer from the deprivation of one of the more innocent forms of sublimation. But the darker side of the report of the Commission which is now demanding legislation for this purpose is that it links sex with race. It is asking for a legal prohibition of all publications which present in a favourable light miscegenation, inter-marriage or any other form of intimate social intercourse between Europeans and Non-Europeans. It would extend this ban to anything which may be accused of engendering feelings of hostility between Europeans and Non-Europeans. In short, the Commission calls for an absolute legal veto on any form of expressed approval of personal relations between white and black and on every utterance which in the government's view might arouse friction between the races. In view of the government's past interpretations, this latter prohibition would obviously be used against any kind of writing which voiced approval of democracy. As usual, penalties are to be savage, including fines up to £1,000 and prison sentences up to five years. Even so, the Commission has discovered a new refinement in proposing that the editor of any banned publication should be prohibited from working in any capacity for any other magazine or newspaper. Once more the close connection between racialism and guilt-feelings on sex is revealed by this hand-picked Nationalist Commission. Assuming that its proposals are approved—which is virtually certain—one of the few remaining doors to freedom of thought in South Africa will be closed.

Malta and the Defence Cuts

The policy of integrating Malta into Britain is still drifting amongst pretty dangerous rocks. In the debate on the Employment Service Act this week, Mr Mintoff virtually issued an ultimatum that if, as a result of the defence cuts, Britain were to close down the dockyard without providing alternative employment for Maltese workers, we should have to leave Malta. One can see Mr Mintoff's point. If work in British dockyards is reduced, the dock workers have a comparatively wide field of alternative employment. This is not so in Malta, where at present there is virtually no alternative work. Yet the economic life of Malta has been almost entirely controlled according to the needs of British imperial policy. At the same time Mr Mintoff's warning hardly squares with the integration scheme which has been fought for so toughly. If Malta does in the end become a part of Britain, it will not be a question of Britain's leaving Malta. The future of the Maltese workers will then become a matter of British political discussion, in which the Maltese members at Westminster will play a full part. One can sympathise with the immediate anxiety of the Maltese, but surely it is still valid to argue that the long-term security of the Maltese people can best be safeguarded by their becoming a full part of the British community.

Parole from Prison

For the past six years the Prison Commissioners have had power under the prison rules to release prisoners on parole 'on conditions and for reasons approved by them, for a stated length of time', recalling them if they fail to observe the conditions imposed. With a few imaginative exceptions, this has been hitherto used only to give long-term 'star' prisoners a five-day home leave towards the end of a sentence, and to allow a prisoner to visit a dying relative. The considerable extension of the parole system suggested by the Howard League for Penal Reform in its annual report, published this week, would thus need no fresh legislation; and it is so obvious a step towards the solution of the overcrowding problem in the prisons—now worsening again after a brief improvement—that one can only be surprised that it has not been taken before. The Howard League suggests that a man with a three-year sentence, who could at present be completely discharged (without supervision) after two years, should in future be paroled after 18 months but remain liable to recall until the end of the three years. If, as the League suggests, the longer period of supervision were indeed a period of positive and constructive after-care, two urgent reforms would have been accomplished at once—the thinning-out of the prison population, and the recognition of after-care as a dynamic and continuing role (as it has increasingly become under the Borstal system) rather than a mere habit of giving immediate and trifling 'aid on discharge'.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Faubus and the Democrats

As the battle developed between Governor Faubus and the United States of America, statesmen of both parties were scavenging the field of honour for bits of useful ammunition to use on each other. In the Battle of Arkansas, all nuances aside, it was a Democratic Governor who stood for peace without law and a Republican President who stood for law without action. Recrimination is the stuff of politics, and clearly there was room for recrimination all around.

On the proven theory that attack is the best defence, the Democratic Advisory Council opened up with the observation that President Eisenhower had 'failed to use the prestige and power of his office to rally the moral force of the country against the defiance of law.' To which the President's press secretary, James C. Hagerty, replied: 'I think it would be funny, if it were not so pathetic, to see the Democratic Advisory Council trying to play politics with the situation in Little Rock.' Senator Bush of Connecticut voiced the general Republican sentiment that the Democratic leaders were only trying to hide the 'frightful split' in their party.

The Northern Democrats, who make up a majority of the Council, were no doubt trying to take the heat off their own party and direct it towards the White House, but in so doing they certainly made no effort to hide the split in their own ranks which Faubus had done so much to widen. On the contrary, the lustiness of their attack on Eisenhower was matched by their condemnation of Faubus, and the party chairman, Paul Butler, went much further than the Council. At a regional meeting of southern party officials in North Carolina, he served notice that the national organization 'will not pull back, surrender, or in any way withdraw from' its official stand on rights, and that southern threats of setting up a third party wouldn't bother him at all. According to a dispatch from Raleigh, Butler's trenchant remarks drew gasps from his audience, and a National Committeewoman sighed to a state chairman, 'I need a shoulder to cry on.' Southern demands for Butler's resignation were swiftly forthcoming, and arrangements were made for a special conference of Dixie state chairmen in the near future.

The travail of the Democrats comes at a moment when they had every reason to believe their fortunes were on the mend. A Democratic Congress had passed the first important really civil rights legislation in 80 years. Only the ineffable Strom Thurmond had even attempted a filibuster, for which other southern Senators sharply rebuked him. Majority leader Lyndon Johnson of Texas had been hailed as the saviour of party unity, a 'legislative genius,' and a real possibility for the presidential nomination in 1960. Then came Faubus, and Johnson's work was all undone.

In the circumstances the militant line taken by Butler and the Advisory Council—which includes such luminaries as Adlai Stevenson, Harry Truman, and Averell Harriman—was vitally necessary, however harshly it may have fallen on southern ears. Principle aside, for the party to have given even the appearance of officially supporting the Faubus moonshine would have wrecked it permanently in the big cities of the north, a high electoral price to pay for the wobbly allegiance of Thurmonds, Byrds, and the like.

On the anti-Republican front, the policy has already enabled the party to take advantage of deepening disillusionment with Mr Eisenhower in Negro circles. Adam Clayton Powell, who represents the Harlem district in the House, noted with some bitterness that while the President conferred with Georgia's Senator Russell during the civil rights fight and with Governor Faubus since then, he has yet to talk things over with any of the Negro leaders. Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP, who at least leaned towards Ike during the campaign, described the President's comments on Little Rock as 'blah, blah, blah.' And Louis Armstrong withdrew his trumpet from the diplomatic service with a blast that must have rocked, if not rolled, the White House.

Mr Butler has no fear that the Southerners will leave the party now, no matter how strongly the national organization backs desegregation. To walk out before a congressional election would be to forfeit those committee chairmanships, not to mention the Speaker's chair, which are the source of their power. 1960 is, of course, another matter; but by then, the Democratic managers hope, Faubus will be forgotten and few people will still be outraged by the menace of white and black kids murmuring their multiplication tables in the same room.

ROBERT BENDINER

Bonn

Cabinet Making

A correspondent writes: Adenauer's Cabinet and the future leadership and programme of the Social Democratic Party are among the main problems left over from the federal elections. Speculation as to the Chancellor's new associates has been rife for some time. Among the present ministers it is generally agreed that Erhard (Economics), Brentano (Foreign Affairs), Schaeffer (Finance) and Strauss (Defence) will remain. On account of ill health, Jakob Kaiser will not return, and it is likely that it will not be easy to fill this rather unwanted All-German Ministry. Anton Storch (Labour) is also unlikely to be included in the new Cabinet.

The post of Vice-chancellor is far less important than its title would suggest. But it has suddenly acquired new importance for people here, because they assume that whoever is nominated may be Adenauer's successor – though there is little evidence for this assumption. There are rumours that he favours Franz Etzel, at present German representative on the High Authority of the Coal and Steel Community in Luxemburg, as the new Vice-chancellor. Some powerful Ruhr industrialists are also understood to support Etzel. But the only obvious fact at the moment is that Adenauer does not desire a strong personality in that position. And he has little intention of making his plans known. He has always been able to allow the play of intrigue and ambition in the various individuals and parties around him to have full scope, and then to make his own decision. Adenauer, in common with men of his age, is definitely against having new faces around him, so that he will keep as many of the old ministers as possible in his Cabinet. And he is likely to satisfy public curiosity on this point only after his re-election as Chancellor in the second half of October.

A significant feature of the general reaction to the elections has been the emphasis upon the necessity for a strong opposition in the new Bundestag. Many people, even among the government parties, would have been happier with a smaller majority. For on the one hand they fear the effects of a 'Chancellor democracy', and on the other they have been won over to the idea that the next step in consolidating the German political system is to establish a strong opposition, capable of taking over the government at a later date. This has resulted in a far closer examination of the strength and weakness of the SPD in the press generally. If the party followed this advice it would reorganise its whole structure from top to bottom, abandon all Marxist ideas, get rid of functionaries who 'cling to outworn ideas' and direct all its efforts toward winning over the lower middle class. In other words, the SPD would copy what is here assumed to be the policy of the British Labour Party.

There is nothing new in all this. This kind of suggestion was heard inside the party itself, particularly after the 1953 elections. But little resulted from the many conferences which then took place. It now remains to be seen what will happen in the next few months. Some of the SPD's well-wishers outside the party seem to assume that everything can be turned upside down within a matter of days. They completely forget the structure of this party and ignore (or are ignorant of) the fact that future policy can only result from long-drawn-out discussions within the local executives of the party throughout the country. But one thing is sure. Everybody in the SPD realises that future policy must take into consideration far more than ever before the new attitude of the trade unions towards politics and of the German worker towards socialism. Nowadays, the worker seems increasingly inclined to think along American lines.

Paris

The Algerian Tragi-comedy

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The long drawn out debate on the Algerian draft law looks like ending in an atmosphere of comic opera. Convinced that the Assembly was in no mood to pass his original proposals, M. Bourgès-Maunoury had recourse to an unusual device to save his government. He called a round-table conference last week-end of the leaders of all the so-called 'national' parties – that is everybody except the Communists and the Poujadists. For two days the sensational press was able to make great play of the disagreement between these 'national' leaders; but on Monday morning the announcement came that matters had been duly settled. A compromise between Right and Left had been reached, and a new draft law would be submitted to the Assembly the following day.

Everybody in France knows what is meant by 'a compromise between Right and Left': the Right makes some formal concession, while the Left, with the enthusiastic approval of Guy Mollet, abandons its fundamental demands. So the new draft law solved the problem of the future functions of the president of the Algerian Executive by simply abolishing the post, while the Right, for its part, made a gesture of accepting the principle of a single electoral college – in other words equal voting rights for Algerians and the French in Algeria. The fact is, however, that every French government for a number of years has declared its intention of establishing a single college and one was entitled to hope that the principle of this had been accepted by everyone.

The following day the revised and watered-down draft law was submitted to the appropriate committee of the Assembly, only to be greeted by another comic-opera incident. Apart from the Socialists and the MRP, the other members concerned refused to consider themselves bound by the undertakings which their leaders had given at the round-table conference. Seven out of the 28 articles which comprise the draft law were defeated by as many as 50 votes; and some time after midnight the committee suspended its labours on the grounds that a number of its members were suffering from headaches. The political experts did not expect the headaches to last for long; and, as I write, it appears that the debate will be continued in full session of the Assembly at the end of this week and may end in a vote of confidence after the week-end. M. Bourgès-Maunoury will probably get a big enough majority to save his skin. But he will not get what he needs to demonstrate to the United Nations that the whole French nation – except the bad lads on the extreme left – favours his solution of the Algerian problem. The Tunisians and the Moroccans, committed to defend Algerian nationalism at the UN, will not fail to exploit the comic opera of the draft law to stimulate United Nations intervention.

Wakeful Partners in Industry

MR PETER SHORE, in his article of last week, rightly argued that, for Socialists, efficiency cannot be the sole consideration in deciding whether or not to transfer an industry or an enterprise from private to public ownership. He correctly stated that, in terms of managerial efficiency, there is no clear difference between public enterprise, such as the National Coal Board, and great privately owned concerns, such as Unilever or ICI. The differences between them are of quite another kind. The existing public corporations are, in the main, legal monopolies, controlling entire industries and services under unified administration; whereas the great private concerns have no legal monopoly and no clearly defined frontiers within which alone they can act. So they overlap into a number of different activities without encountering any legal obstacles to such expansion. Secondly, whereas the public corporations have to cover, at any rate in the long run, fixed interest and amortisation charges and any residual profits or accumulations of new capital are public property, in the case of private concerns such profits, whether distributed in dividends or not, accrue to the owners of the equity capital.

These differences are of vital importance. As Mr Shore points out, the attempt to carry the traditional forms of nationalisation far into manufacturing industry would involve breaking up most of the big private concerns, and probably leave parts of them still in private hands. This would run counter to contemporary trends in the development of industrial organisation. It would be, from the standpoint of efficiency, a retrograde step—most of all in the most rapidly expanding branches of the economy, those connected with metal working and with chemical manufacture. The Labour Party's current policy statement, *Industry and Society*, recognising this, suggests that in future measures of nationalisation there will need to be a larger element of taking over, not of entire industries as such, but of key firms, many of which will overlap into a number of industries where they will have no monopoly. This kind of nationalisation would bring public enterprise into direct competition over a wide field with businesses remaining in private hands, and would thus subject the nationalised concerns to the direct test of competitive efficiency.

So far, both Mr Shore and *Industry and Society* are clearly in the right in arguing for the kind of development of the public sector which was, indeed, already involved in the Labour government's partial nationalisation of the steel industry. The adoption of such a policy need not stand in the way of further nationalisation of the traditional type where it is still appropriate. It could be a complementary policy, not a reversal of doctrine. *Industry and Society* becomes highly controversial when it suggests, in addition to this, that the state should acquire part ownership of the shares of a wide variety of undertakings which would not be transferred to public management, but would continue to be operated for profit; and still more when it says that the state should not use the power thus acquired to interfere with the management of such businesses, but should rest content with the position of sleeping shareholder. This proposal for direct partnership with capitalism is startling and has understandably shocked many Socialists, who hold that the task of Socialism is to bring capitalism to an end and not to offer itself as the abettor of its continuance.

There are, however, two elements in the *Industry and Society* proposal which must be kept distinct. One is the positive proposal that the state should become part owner: the other the negative proposal that it should not interfere in the management of the partly acquired concerns. It is possible to accept one and reject the other. There is a very strong case for accepting the former, on the assumption that Socialists continue to stand for the elimination of capitalism, but are setting out to achieve this by stages which involve the continuance of some capitalist enterprise during the transition and therefore the allowing of conditions under which it can still function with success. For unless it can do so, there will be no possibility of maintaining either full employment or a rising level of total production. If the traditional form of nationalisation is not applicable to a large part of manufacturing industry, and if the alternative of nationalising firm by firm can hardly be applied except to a limited group of huge concerns, some alternative way has to be found of transferring to public ownership the vast numbers of businesses which cannot be taken over by either of these methods.

The only suitable method of doing this appears to be the gradual acquisition of control by the public out of the proceeds of some sort of taxation of capital—taxes on inheritance and on capital gains—or by purchase out of public funds such as those to be held on account of the Labour Party's projected superannuation plan. If the state sets out to tax private capital gradually out of existence, it must clearly be prepared to take payment in actual productive assets; for there would be no possible supply of alternative buyers of the assets the private owner would need to dispose of in order to pay such taxes in cash. The state must therefore, if it follows such a policy—and it must do so if capitalism is to be gradually eliminated—become part-owner of the equity of the vast majority of private concerns during the period of transition—at the end of which its ownership will have become complete.

It does not, however, at all follow that the state should leave the control of such businesses during the period of transition entirely in the hands of the private part-owners. At any rate, whenever it has acquired a majority voting interest, it will have the right to appoint its own directors. Even when it falls short of a majority the new situation will render it appropriate for the state to assume a general control over each group of firms to ensure that they broadly follow the national plan of production and investment. Plans for the establishment of such controls, resembling but going far beyond the projected industrial development councils of the years immediately after 1945, would be a logical and proper accompaniment of the gradual extension of public ownership and would make central planning possible without the setting up of top-heavy centralised managerial agencies.

I see nothing objectionable, on these conditions, to the gradual take-over of private businesses by means which involve a sort of partnership with capitalist enterprise during a strictly limited period of transition. For Socialists who set out to achieve Socialism by stages, and not by a revolutionary coup, are committed to the successful maintenance of private enterprise which they are not yet ready to take over completely. I should like to ask what alternative course, making for Socialism, those who reject this method of gradual acquisition have to propose. I can see no viable alternative. But I emphatically reject the notion that the public should be a mere sleeping partner in the enterprises it partially acquires. Such a notion is inconsistent with the need for public planning, especially of investment, and with the need to bring all forms of enterprise within the effective scope of the national economic plan.

Apart from this vital point, *Industry and Society* goes wrong in strongly suggesting, if not actually saying, that nationalisation of the traditional type is outmoded, and not merely inapplicable to part of the field, and in failing to say anything specific about the actual institutions or firms to which a Labour government would apply nationalisation in one form or another. The whole document is too vague and unspecific for anyone who studies it to be clear about the concrete intentions of those who prepared it. In many respects it is to be commended as pointing in the right direction and as opening up new vistas; but it is impossible not to feel that its ambiguities and vagueness are intentional and that its authors were determined to avoid any firm commitment. It is to be hoped that next week's party conference will neither accept nor reject it blindly, but will continue to discriminate between the good and the bad—either giving it the precision it now lacks or else issuing clear instructions to the incoming Executive to produce by next year a clear statement of what they have in mind.

In essence what is needed is a plan for simultaneous advance towards Socialism along several alternative roads, not the discarding of traditional doctrines, but their adaptation so as to speed up, instead of slowing down, the process of bringing capitalism to an end. It must, however, provide during the transition, conditions in which both public and private enterprise, and the mixed form which is bound to develop, will be able to operate effectively. In that way only will it ensure the maintenance of full employment and of a steady expansion of total output.

G. D. H. COLE

Wolfenden Revisited

As much as a year ago, the probable trend of the Wolfenden Committee's recommendations seemed to be confidently anticipated in well-informed circles, the anticipation being unusually detailed and the circles unusually wide. Accordingly there was some reason for surprise at the startled vehemence of the attack on the proposal that the law should stop bothering with private homosexualism. It is a significant reaction. Despite the *News Chronicle* and *Daily Mirror* public opinion polls, showing respectively 38 per cent and nearly 50 per cent in favour of a change in the law, no government will be likely to propose it until much more work has been done on public opinion. It may be opportune now, however, to look at a few points in the Report that have not provoked general comment and yet may be of great ultimate significance.

Among these are the extraordinary disparity in local police zealousness (long suspected but nevertheless startling in its revealed extent), and the surprising leniency shown by the courts, in dealing with homosexual offences 'committed in private between consenting adults'. Both these circumstances faithfully reflect a change in social feeling. In the last three years less than half of these offenders (119 out of 300) were sent to prison at all, 108 of those getting less than two years. Twenty years ago, sentences of eight and ten years were common. The fact that prosecution depends on the outlook of the senior police officers in the district is an aspect of the wide

police discretion which, according to some modern legal authorities, has become a 'part of the constitution'.

In recent years there has indeed been evidence that the senior police officers in some districts take a bell-book-and-candle view of the homosexual, much as Mr James Adair, who dissented from the rest of the Wolfenden Committee, presumably did when he was a Procurator-Fiscal in Scotland. There is evidence that in other districts they cannot be bothered. The Report makes no recommendation about this, beyond suggesting that, once the law has ceased to punish private homosexual acts in the case of men over 21, the prosecution of those under 21 should always be a matter for the Attorney-General or the Director of Public Prosecutions. But it would not be surprising if the same means of ensuring uniformity in police practice were now adopted in all cases, and without waiting for legislation. The Director of Public Prosecutions is already authorised by regulations made under the Prosecution of Offences Acts, 1879 to 1908, to

> give advice, whether on application or on his own initiative, to . . . Chief Officers of Police on any criminal matter which appears to be of importance or difficulty, and such advice may be given at his discretion either orally or in writing.

and he frequently does. If the 'discretion not to prosecute' is indeed an arm of the constitution, the director is, therefore, the man who can wield it on a national scale; which puts him in a position, even as matters stand, to administer the laws about private homosexualism precisely as is done in Norway.

The effect upon individuals might be little different, in fact, from that of a formal amendment of the criminal law on the lines suggested by the Report. What the social effect might be is a matter for conjecture, and some blood-chilling conjectures are now appearing in quarters where it is customary to think with the bowels. One country that has recently made the change is Sweden, where private homosexualism ceased to be punishable in 1944. When Swedish witnesses were asked by the Wolfenden Committee what difference this had made, they simply didn't know – the problem was socially insignificant.

In this country, too, we know very little about the problem, but we are doing very little in the way of fact-finding, especially on the 'causes' of homosexuality. Moreover, although the Report urges that research be instituted into those causes, it seems to envisage (para. 126) that the research would be carried out – by a unit of the Medical Research Council – in 'prisons, psychiatric clinics, and other centres where homosexuals are undergoing treatment'. These places merely encounter the fringe of the problem: few homosexuals ever go near them. What is needed is field research among homosexual people living ostensibly unharassed lives in all the social classes; and nothing has illustrated the need for it so powerfully as the paucity of the information about them which all the witnesses combined were able to put before the Wolfenden Committee.

It happens that a small-scale, skilled research of this kind is at present in progress, under the guidance of an experienced sub-committee set up in 1955 by the British Social Biology Council, an entirely voluntary and unofficial body. Hampered from the first by lack of funds, this has limped along from month to month – the interviewing should be completed by next April. Most of the trust foundations to whom it has applied for help have been able to say, and have seemed glad to say it, 'We must wait for the Wolfenden Report'. That Report is now here, calling for research. The findings of the British Social Biology Council project, which will be statistically and etiologically sound, could be the ideal pilot report on which to base further and more extensive surveys. I most earnestly commend it to the Home Secretary as affording a ready-made opportunity to adopt and finance at least one of the immediately practicable recommendations of his Wolfenden Committee.

The recommendations on prostitution, at once courageous and apologetic, do not really bear out a first impression that the Committee has faced all the facts. The threat of a maximum three months' imprisonment will not turn a hardened offender's mind to the idea of co-operating with a Probation Officer, even if it encourages some of the Courts to use probation more. It might, of course, encourage a certain amount of humbug about 'going straight'. The imprisonment itself would avowedly have no better object than deterrence, and it would rapidly augment the population of Holloway Prison to the point of breakdown in such rehabilitative work as is now possible among its general prisoners. However emotionally satisfying it may be to threaten imprisonment, for the case-hardened, I believe that, practically, it is in this case unrealistic and even retrograde.

Fines of £25 would go far towards 'clearing the streets' of the drabber women and many of the 'amateurs', but would leave an irreducible minimum of girls earning their hundreds of pounds a week and still ready, therefore, to 'plead guilty'. I think the £10 fine proposed for first offenders would probably be, in the long run, the most effective for all. To drop the pretence of 'proving annoyance' would, of course, be to bring the law into conformity with practice, but it would seem almost cynically unjust thus formally to smooth the path of the prosecution, and at the same time to provide for a three months' prison sentence.

The weakest part of the Report, however, is its reasons for retaining, in the familiar 'soliciting' charge, the phrase about 'being a common prostitute'. This is not consistent with the Committee's view that prostitution *per se* must not be made criminal, a view which it relies upon rather more logically (in paragraph 257) for justification of the present practice of 'punishing the prostitute while the man is uncondemned':

> If it were the law's intention to punish prostitution *per se* on the ground that it is immoral conduct, then it would be right that it should provide for punishment of the man as well as the woman. But that is not the function of the law . . . The simple fact is that prostitutes do parade themselves more habitually and openly than their prospective customers

– as do street traders, and indeed shopkeepers, of every kind, though these attract less moral obloquy and do not have to acquire a conviction before they can be called hawker or grocer.

Since it must attack solicitation and, rightly enough, will have nothing to do with brothels, the Committee could not escape some condonation of the 'call-girl' system, for it saw no other alternative. This system, however, is little less likely than the brothel to lead to exploitation and the embellishment of the trade with titivations, while it has the slightly more noxious feature than the street-walking system that the women (who notoriously dislike it) have to accept instead of choosing their clients. It is, however, to be realistic, the only *immediate* alternative to what we have at present. If I lived in a road where a prostitute lounged against every door, I should perhaps feel with the Committee that such an alternative was 'less harmful than the constant public parading of the prostitute's wares'.

Legislation on this Report may not be near. But what the Committee has done – more than any Royal Commission for years – is to move forward the horizon of social thinking to a new point of no return.

C. H. Rolph

London Diary

Dr Nkrumah's broadcast has done a great deal to ease the situation. Ghana calls off its proceedings against the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent and the *Daily Telegraph*, we understand, is calling off its counter-writs against Ghana ministers. Nkrumah has restated his belief in the rule of law and repudiated the vengeful attitude of his Home Minister. Many points, of course, remain to be cleared up, but, as we have emphasised here, no one could have expected democratic institutions at once to run smoothly in Ghana and the trouble has been one largely of public relations. Ghana has been bitterly criticised (notably on television by Woodrow Wyatt) for justifying its deportations on the ground that the presence of certain people was not 'conducive to the public good'. In fact, these words, embodied in Ghanaian law, have been taken verbally from the British Aliens Act of 1953. The British government can and does deport people both from Britain and from its colonies on precisely this vague charge. The legitimate criticism in the case of the two Muslims deported was that the question whether they were aliens was still being considered in the courts, and that to pass a special act suddenly to deport two opposition members without any further explanation sounded vengeful and was from the point of view of Ghana's reputation most unwise. Dr Nkrumah complains that enemies of Ghanaian independence have been making political capital out of recent events. The only reply to that incontrovertible statement is that Ghanaian 'public relations' have played into the hands of its enemies. Feeling that we are all in this country too dependent on some unwise statements of Ghanaian politicians and the often partial reporting of correspondents, I am proposing to go to Ghana shortly to have a look round for myself.

* * *

Liberals customarily become airborne at their annual conferences; but at Southport this year the party soared high enough to be classed as an artificial satellite. . . . Much of the lift came from the 7,000 votes which Lieutenant-Colonel Lort-Phillips won in the Gloucester by-election and from the hopes of summer which a single swallow eternally brings to Liberal breasts. The rest of it no doubt came from the fact that, after his painful experiences in the modern world, a Liberal needs the refreshment of a few days in the stratosphere where it is always 1906. Now that they have subsided again into their several homes, Liberals will once again have to face both the facts and the probabilities of earthly life. One fact is that, despite the obvious unpopularity of the government and the lack of real enthusiasm for the official opposition, a first-class Liberal candidate not merely did not win Gloucester, but never even looked as if he would. One probability is that though, at a by-election, disgruntled Conservatives are sometimes willing to vote Liberal, knowing that by so doing they do not risk putting Labour into office, when a general election comes the most they will think of is abstention . . . Liberals, too, may well be turning over another reflection, now that they are away from the youthfully engaging personality of their leader, Mr Jo Grimond. It is that for all Mr Grimond's talk of leading an independent

party, he himself is the only one of the five remaining Liberal MPs to win his seat against both Conservative and Labour opposition; and for all his scorn of those Liberals who think of 'going for another ride on the Tory tiger', two of his principal lieutenants, Mr Donald Wade, his Chief Whip, and Mr Arthur Holt, the chairman of his publicity committee, hold their seats only because they arranged a straight carve-up with their local Tories under what became notorious as the Huddersfield pact. The chance of a Liberal revival must, I think, entirely vanish if moral fervour is used merely as a screen for horse dealing.

* * *

The world of jazz is one of instinctive rebels rather than of political activists, but there is one issue which rouses even the least political jazz musician or jazz lover to public action. Nobody who practises an art which owes so much to the Negro peoples could be anything but a passionate enemy to racial discrimination. No doubt this explains why Canon Collins has been able to organise a unique entertainment in order to raise money to aid the defence in the South African treason trial. Two leading British jazz-bands and a famous American coloured star (who is flying over from New York for the occasion) are giving their services free for a jazz concert at the Festival Hall on 15 October at 11.30 p.m. Humphrey Lyttelton and Johnny Dankworth both have excellent and intelligent bands who will be stimulated by this, their first encounter on the same concert platform. The astonishing Lionel Hampton, who plays all rhythmic instruments, but prefers the vibraharp, is 'swing' personified and one of the great virtuosi of jazz. I suspect that his relaxed and driving rhythm will inspire the British bands to play twice as well as usual. Readers who wish simultaneously to help a just cause and to enjoy what may well be a memorable session of jazz, should get tickets from the Secretary, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, EC4; Dennis Matthews, 15 New Road, N8; the Festival Hall Box Office or the usual ticket offices.

* * *

The way of official apologists is hard and I sympathise with the official who has been deputed by the BBC to reply to those who have written to Broadcasting House as a result of my remarks about the Catholic Radio Guild. The letter sent to one inquirer says that the references made in this journal and the *Observer* were 'based on misinformation'. It then gives facts which don't at any point contradict anything I have said—indeed, it was scarcely possible that they should, since my remarks were accurately based on the Catholic Radio Guild's paper *Annunciation*, the *Tablet* and the BBC's own official information. The letter is about something quite different—about the composite committee which advises the BBC on religious broadcasts. My comment was summarised in the remark that I wondered what people would say if anyone were to show that there existed among the BBC staff members an organisation of Socialists, Communists or Protestants, boasting in their own journal about how much time they hogged for their own purposes. Nor is Catholic propaganda to be confused with that of other religions. As *Civiltà Cattolica*, the official world organ of the Jesuits, pointed out in April, 1948:

> The Roman Catholic Church, convinced, through its divine prerogatives, of being the only true church, must demand the right of freedom for herself alone. . . . Consequently, in a state where the majority of people are Catholic, the Church will require that legal existence be denied to error, and that if religious minorities actually exist, they shall have only a *de facto* existence, without opportunity to spread their beliefs. . . . The Church cannot blush for her own want of tolerance, as she asserts it in principle and applies it in practice.

* * *

Vicky and I could hardly believe our eyes. Could this really be the work of a boy of sixteen? We were looking at paintings by Douglas Boyd, the winner of the *Sunday Pictorial*'s exhibition of Children's Art at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly. There were, of course, lots of delightful pictures; how accustomed one has become to the discovery that many children have a natural eye for colour and design and how often one has asked whether their native talent will survive if they become sophisticated and pay attention to their teachers at an art school! But in the case of Douglas Boyd no such question seems to arise. There is nothing childish about his painting. He has obviously studied the French impressionists very closely, draws already with a masterly assurance and has developed his own individuality. What can happen to him now I have no idea. I learn that he is now a full-time student at Kingston School of Art, but the fact is that he is already a mature artist.

* * *

My own favourite example of a very odd prayer is the case of a Scottish minister who, seeing Queen Victoria in the congregation, prayed that "she might go forth like a He-goat upon the mountains'. This I feel should have been added to a little collection made by that prince of competition solvers, Allan M. Laing, he calls the booklet *More Prayers and Graces*. It is illustrated by Mervyn Peake and published by Gollancz. He has, however, another nice example of royalty at prayers. The Duke of Cumberland, the younger brother of George IV, was accustomed, he tells us, to make his own responses aloud in church. When the clergyman prayed for rain, the Duke said: 'No good so long as the wind is in the east'. This story should be useful to politicians who have often to explain to enthusiastic audiences that the climate is not favourable to putting their pious aspirations into effect.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

My husband rarely used to play with the kids—until he saw the picture of Prince Charles and Princess Anne on a makeshift see-saw (Mirror, Monday). That night he rigged up a see-saw for our two boys, working it with his foot as the Duke of Edinburgh did.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (Mrs. Morris.)

Sales of both Rolls and Bentleys rose as businessmen found that the post-war way of life involved much more travel. On the other hand, the mood of austerity meant that many feared to appear ostentatious; this accounts for the low proportion of Rolls to Bentleys sold.—*Financial Times*. (Edward Greenfield.)

'The point is,' says Mr Clayden, 'that most dog owners in this country do treat their pets pretty seriously.

'They like to think that their dogs have their own club. That is why we usually write to the dog rather than the owner.'—*Reynolds News*. (L. Sproule.)

False teeth were thrown as 'confetti' at the Tynemouth wedding of dental surgeon Gordon Stuart, of Kitchener Terrace, North Shields, and Miss Mary Clutterbuck, of Grand Parade, Tynemouth, yesterday. The teeth, not attached to plates, were collected by a guest from a dentist friend.—*News of the World*. (Barrie Heads.)

Boycott

FETHARD-ON-SEA is a fishing village of about 200 souls lying on the south coast of Co. Wexford, about 120 miles from Dublin. Up to May of this year it was just one of hundreds of such villages minding their own business on the Irish coast. On Sunday, 5 May, Father Stafford, the Catholic curate, is alleged to have preached a sermon about the Clooney family and to have ended by saying 'You all know the meaning of the word Boycott—I'll spell it for you', and that is when the trouble began.

Some years ago a Roman Catholic farmer called Sean Clooney went to England with a Miss Kelly, daughter of a prosperous Protestant farmer, where they were married in a registry office. On their return the priest called on Mr Clooney to tell him that he must be married in a Roman Catholic church. Mrs Clooney agreed to this provided they could also be married in a Protestant church, as she refused to change her religion. The Catholic wedding took place, but when a Protestant clergyman in England was approached he refused to perform a further ceremony because they were already married according to the law in England, whether Irish priests accepted this fact or not. Two children were born to the Clooneys and are now at the age when they should go to school. In April of this year Mrs Clooney left the district with her two children and simply disappeared. It is quite certain that she did this to prevent them being educated by the Catholics and it is generally believed that she is in Belfast.

In his sermon Father Stafford is alleged to have suggested that the children were spirited away by a Protestant conspiracy and his use of the word boycott was taken as an instruction to his flock to cut off their trade from the Protestants. There are 67 Protestants as against 600 or 700 Catholics living in the surrounding parish. The victims of the boycott are Mr Gardiner, of the hardware store, a man with a wife and four children, Miss Cooper, the newsagent, and Miss Knipe, the music teacher, who lost all her 12 pupils overnight.

'What has been done about all this?' I asked, and I was told that neither the Catholic Vicar of the village nor the Bishop of the diocese had done anything to repudiate their curate. The Protestant Bishop had made a statement regretting the whole affair and explaining that he, too, was against mixed marriages. His only advice was to 'turn the other cheek and to keep cheerful and the whole thing would blow over'. Mr de Valera made a statement deploring bigotry in general terms. I learnt that there was a fund to which Protestants and anonymous Catholics have subscribed and that people from all over Ireland were calling or sending orders to the Protestant shops in Fethard-on-Sea.

The light was just going as we arrived in Fethard. All the shops were shut, but Gardiner's and Cooper's seemed more shut than the others. A few sleepy old men sat smoking under the wall and a mother would come to a door and call her children in for bed. The teenagers of both sexes were clustered in a tangle of bicycles, giggling together. I stopped a man and asked 'Where would I find Father Stafford?' He directed me to the priest's house, but when I got there the house was empty.

I drove back to the village and by now faces could be seen peering out from many of the windows and the crowd of men by the wall had increased. I asked them where the rectory was and they directed me quickly and politely. At

the end of a narrow, bumpy drive I found a square grey Georgian mansion, looking as though it was holding itself together without much help from paint or plaster. The rector was a dark, good-looking man, in his early thirties, born in Co. Kildare. He had only come from abroad to take the living in April and was obviously greatly distressed to find that he was regarded as the ringleader in a Protestant conspiracy to abduct a mother and two children. He was afraid that when the winter came and the summer visitors had gone the shopkeepers would have a very bad time, because in the dark winter afternoons even those who had driven long distances, especially to buy would cease to come. He was encouraged to have had letters from Catholics, many of them enclosing cash. He had called on Father Allen and asked him to talk 'as between one priest and another' but had got nowhere. His Bishop had written to the Catholic Bishop, but the reply had been in such terms that it would have been unchristian to publish it. He told me that in the beginning a vigilance committee had been formed by the Catholics and its members were on duty to watch and report on the customers calling on the Protestant shops. The Fethard Relief Fund had realised £850 so far and he administered it through a finance committee. He felt that the 'crisis' had brought the Protestants closer together but that this was no compensation for the breach in the old-established good-neighbourliness. How it would all end he confessed he did not know.

'But surely,' I said, 'if the village Vicar, Father Allen, preached a sermon next Sunday asking for better relations between the people that would be an end of the matter?' He agreed that it would, but did not seem hopeful of any such action on the part of Father Allen. I then asked if he thought Father Allen would see me. 'He has shown the door to other English and American reporters, and has limited himself to "no comment".' He told me how to get to Father Allen's house and, without much hope of getting an interview, I drove in the dark four or five miles over the mountain.

No light shone in the priest's house and the bell remained unanswered. I noticed a light in the chapel and walked down to the door. From there I could hear movement inside, so I waited for about five minutes. The door opened and a short, bespectacled man wearing a biretta appeared. He had in one hand a bunch of faded flowers and in the other a pail of water. 'Father Allen?' 'Yes.' 'I have come down to get the facts about the situation in this village. I am not interested in controversy, just facts.' 'What facts? What situation?' 'As I understand it, people of one faith are not buying in the shops of people of another faith, and they have been led to this by a sermon preached by your curate, Father Stafford, in which he used the word boycott. Is this true?' 'Not to my knowledge.' 'There has been no boycott, Father, no sermon using that word, no vigilance committee led by Mr Neville?' 'Well, let me put it like this. If in America one lot were democrats and one lot Communists, and something blew up, they would have the right to keep themselves private from one another, wouldn't they?'

'With all respect, Father, the distinction you draw between Communists and democrats seems extreme, if related to Irish people of different Christian faiths in a peaceful fishing village.' 'Well let me put it like this. If you were in the congregation, whether it was Wesleyan or Baptist or whatever, and a preacher said a hasty thing, would you go out and obey him? What would you do?' 'I would say to myself, Father, he has gone too far and I would expect on the next Sunday someone senior and wiser to put the matter right; but that didn't happen here, did it?' 'Oh we weren't talking about here. I didn't say Father Stafford said anything hasty. I was asking a hypothetical question.' 'I see. So you tell me there is no situation, no boycott, and, as you are a man of God, I must accept your word.' 'Not mine only. Go to the people, ask them, and see if you find one Catholic who will tell you he has been ordered to boycott anyone. What is boycott? What does the word mean?' 'It is a word originating in Ireland meaning to ostracise.' 'Well do you think in this day and age, if people are told to go and do something from the pulpit they obey like sheep?' 'What puzzles me, Father, is that you tell me there is no situation and yet there is a Fethard Relief Fund and I have heard that Mr de Valera made a statement. You know the other side took legal steps?' 'Oh yes, lawyers and counsel, and could find nothing.' 'Surely, Father, if such a situation did exist you would be greatly distressed and would do all you could to put it right?' 'I won't follow you on that line, it's too hypothetical. No such situation exists to my knowledge.'

'Then there *was* no sermon by Father Stafford about boycotting?' 'I didn't hear Father Stafford's sermon, but if a small community sees things done against their creed, they have a right to protect themselves, haven't they?' 'Of course, but it is a question of method. Many American and English Catholics are very distressed by actions against Catholics behind the Iron Curtain and would be surprised to learn of persecution of minorities in Holy Ireland.' 'I know nothing about that.' 'Anyway, Father, I may quote you as saying "There is no story. No situation. No boycott"?' 'Oh, no, you can't quote me, I have given you no statement.' 'Well, thank you Father for giving me this interview.' (We had now been talking at the chapel gate for forty minutes.) 'I gave you no interview. I don't give interviews.' 'All right, Father, we had a conversation in which you happened to say there was nothing unusual in your village.'

I drove back to Dublin in the early hours of the morning, passing many rivers where I fished as a boy and remembering the advice given me by a game-keeper, 'If you can hook the fish and play him, that's the thing. Never mind if you don't land him every time'. The address of the Fethard Relief Fund is c/o Royal Bank of Ireland, Grafton Street, Dublin.

JOHN IRWIN

The Seventh Veil

THE tousled face; the quizzical smile; the light voice with the broad Lancashire vowels; the intense nervous vitality and emotional warmth; the sudden rat-trap snap of the mouth; the air of mischievous gaiety like a small boy playing truant from school: this is A. J. P. Taylor's TV personality. Is it the real one?

It is at least appropriate that it should be one of the most popular of TV personalities. Television is the real symbol of the 1950s, as much of a paradox as the age it symbolises. As popular as the banalities of the parlour games are the Brains Trust and its derivatives, forms of entertainment which consist simply in watching intelligent people argue. But the real attraction of such programmes is character in combat, not intellectual stimulus. 'Personality', not just ideas, makes the television star. And the personality of Alan Taylor seems as much of a paradox as the instrument he has mastered so well.

Even his position seems a paradox. There have been famous dons before him in politics or journalism. But dons like Keynes or Laski were famous for what they did or thought. Alan Taylor is famous for being Taylor. This, not his ideas on Bismarck or the Fashoda crisis, has won him an audience of millions. But at the same time he has won a second audience, an audience which *is* eager for his ideas, excited by Taylor the stylist, the intellectual juggler, the indefatigable system destroyer. Surely, a paradox? It cannot be easy to satisfy these two audiences. For the second audience is even a bit snobbish about the first, like a duchess jilted for a shopgirl. It is a little inclined to feel that Taylor the star lets down Taylor the don, that the bright lights and the mass circulations are a snare and a delusion, an insidious form of corruption. It is as if a respected Nonconformist parson, after the service was over, took off his black jacket and dog collar and, to the scandal of his congregation, performed brilliant acrobats in the street outside the chapel.

Perhaps the clue to the puzzle is that the pastor uses the acrobat as bait, to lure a crowd after him into the chapel. Certainly, the urge to proselytise is one reason for Taylor's public activity, just as his uncompromising radicalism is one of his strengths as a TV personality. He has deep moral attitudes. Professionally, he is violently opposed to the tendency to take morality out of history. He is prepared to judge the statesmen of the past for immorality as well as stupidity, even more the statesmen of the present. Suez drove him to fury; and the abortive war scare last August saw him take the stump with violent anti-war speeches in the style of a pro-Boer. But this is not the only reason for his appearance on television. He *is* a preacher – but an acrobat as well. There are many other television dons; several intellectuals write for the popular press. Few of them do it so well. None of them is a *star*. Most of them, one suspects, don't really like it very much. They do it to earn an honest penny or spread some gospel or other. Taylor does it because he enjoys it. The vast audience clearly exhilarates him. One part of his personality is enormously satisfied by the knowledge that his name is a household word, that his face appears in most living rooms in the country every Sunday at three o'clock. He plays the part of a television star with too much exhuberant zest for it to be only a part.

He is not in the least a politician. He does take sides, more violently than most people – but in a battle that is scarcely ever fought. To listen to him talk politics, with the uncompromising moral certainties of his Quaker ancestors, is to listen to a voice from the past, from the good old days before the Left had to feel responsible – and before it had to be taken seriously. The demands of practical politics hardly seem to interest him. What counts is principle, not elections. We should tear down the mighty from their seats; we should build, not merely no H-bombs, but no conventional weapons either. In a pleasant room above the lawns of Magdalen, such moral certainties seem moving; down among the buses and lorries of the High Street they can appear touchingly irrelevant, almost quaint. To talk like a pro-Boer is to contract out of the 1950s. When the talker has not merely read his history, but written it, one cannot help suspecting he half wants to contract out – out of the muddle and dirt of workaday

politics into the glare of the television studio where everything can look simple.

So far, it seems all of a piece. But Taylor is an odd preacher: once inside the chapel, he stops preaching. Like Cole or Laski, he is a left-wing don, with a reputation outside the university. But his position inside it differs as much from theirs as the nature of his reputation outside it. For a time Laski made the London School of Economics the combustion chamber of the social revolution. Taylor's pupils are excited and amused, not handed the recipe for the good society. As a teacher, he is stimulating, often inspiring, sometimes infuriating. He is not only a paradox himself: the paradox is his favourite method of teaching. The confusing half-tones of the historical landscape are brilliantly lit up by a blaze of wild overstatement or a sudden flash of improbable fact. Their very perversity makes the pupil think for himself. History is fun, not a source of political philosophy.

Laski's work was always partisan, fitting into a coherent world-view. Taylor is the pyrotechnician of history—a fox, not a hedgehog. The paradoxes, the epigrams, the flashes of malicious insight are directed as much against the Left as the Right. It is his own idiosyncratic vision of what actually happened that excites him, not some intellectual theory of history. 'I am not a philosophic historian', he wrote recently. It would be as true to say that he is not philosophic at all. Any party line is rejected, even the party line of consistency. 'It's no good going to that bloody man with an essay cribbed from his own books' one idle pupil of his discovered; 'he's against it, even if he thought of it himself'. He has written a life of Bismarck that is as artistically moving as any novel, and a serious diplomatic history of monumental sobriety. But he is not weighed down by them. He frisks about the past, like a terrier hunting rabbits, occupied solely by the search, uninterested in what he may have discovered last time, or what system his discoveries will fit.

The more one considers them, the more the preacher and the acrobat merge into one another. As a don, Taylor excels above all in the lecture room; and his technique as a lecturer tells one a great deal about the man beneath. Most dons lecture badly. Their audiences, captured unwillingly by the exigencies of the syllabus, sit like a blank wall on which the lecturer sticks his information. At the end of the hour they emerge comforted by the growing wad of useful notes, hoping that present boredom will pay off in future examination results. Taylor's audiences emerge from an artistic experience. They are as much part of the lecture as the lecturer himself.

The greatest moment of Taylor's life was probably the hours he spent 18 months ago delivering the Ford lectures. Ford lecturers are always eminent historians; usually they are slightly pompous ones. Their work is published afterwards by the Oxford University Press, gleaming pieces of academic machinery, secure from criticism behind an armour plating of footnotes. Taylor's was a brilliant piece of intellectual history, but it looked more like a novel than a history book. There were more epigrams than footnotes. The printed work conveys little of the audience's experience. The lecture hall was packed. The atmosphere was tensely expectant, like a crowd before a football match. The lecturer was a little late. He walked in and hurried, almost timidly, to the dais. He faced the audience and, without any notes, started to orate. Occasionally, he pulled a postcard from his jacket pocket, and read out a quotation: a passage from Bright speaking to the House of Commons, a piece of soaring rhetoric by Gladstone at Midlothian. They were more than quotations. For a moment, the lecturer almost became Bright or Gladstone. The voice, the gestures, the timing, the emotional power, and the reciprocal relation created between audience and performer were those of a great actor. It was a histrionic masterpiece.

Here the Ford lecturer merges into the star. It was the visual excitement of these lectures which decided his television producer to try an experiment which was perhaps more of a tribute to Taylor's ability as a teacher than anything Oxford could do: the invitation to deliver straight history lectures on commercial television. In another way, too, the lecture room and the studio meet. The subject of the lectures was Dissent in Foreign Policy; the title, *The Troublemakers*. They dealt with Taylor's heroes: the great opponents of Foreign Office respectability—Fox, Cobden, E. D. Morel. But one chapter was missing—the autobiography. For Taylor himself is a troublemaker. That is why he is a star, why he wants an audience in the first place, why he can get one and why he is able to excite it when he has got it.

But why be a troublemaker? A fellowship at Magdalen is as near to the heart of the Establishment as you can get. If the respectable academic establishment palls, there is always left-wing journalism. With the columns of the *English Historical Review* open to you, let alone the NEW STATESMAN, why bother about *Free Speech*? Financial security? Oxford dons want for very little. Perhaps the answer is the old one: a sense of insecurity caused by the nagging suspicion that Oxford never really accepts the clever invaders from below. But in the end the question seems unanswerable. However much one tears off the veils, however deep one penetrates beneath the surface mask, one returns at last to the starting point: the exuberance, the gaiety, the perverse charm, the human warmth. The man of many faces turns out to have the same face all the time. The star in the studio is no different from the don in his study. The seventh veil conceals only what the first did not conceal.

Fleet Street Notebook

As the economic crisis takes over the front pages of the newspapers, what increasingly occupies the minds of those who run them – proprietors, managers, editors, and the rest of the top brass – is their own crisis. The decks are now being cleared for the autumn battle ahead. Meanwhile, accountants and circulation managers are busy making calculations on the probable effect of the price increase which is now practically certain. Will higher prices make people cut their newspaper bills – and, if so, temporarily or permanently? Which papers will suffer most, the already weak or the mass-circulation giants? When newspapers cost more, will there be an end, or at any rate a sharp reduction, in the two-or-three-newspaper-per-family habit? If so, which newspapers will be dropped? If some newspapers are dropped, who will make the decision? The husband or, as an increasing number of circulation and promotion experts are now convinced, the wife – whose tastes, experience suggests, run much more to features and entertainment than to news?

Then there is the continuing and double-headed problem of advertisement revenue. First, will the big advertisers continue to concentrate increasingly on a handful of successful newspapers and magazines in the mass-circulation or quality ranges, and let the middle-range magazines and newspapers go whistle? It is this trend much more than the rise in the price of newsprint that has precipitated the real crisis in Fleet Street. Secondly, although advertising expenditure as a whole has risen year by year since the war (the curve is now beginning to flatten out), it has risen only about half as much as newspaper production costs. And whatever may happen to advertising revenue, there is no sign at all that costs will begin to fall – rather the reverse.

Some of this rise in costs is unavoidable. The British newspaper industry alone cannot hope to keep a control over newsprint prices or prevent manufacturers, operating in an international sellers market, from trying to get the maximum reward for the huge capital investment that has gone into the newsprint industry since the war. Nor are printing wages as such much out of step with the rest of industry. But there is a big area in which substantial economies could be made if newspaper managements were prepared to get together intelligently – and if they were able to persuade the printing unions to carry this get-togetherness a stage further, so that both sides of the industry could take a long cold look at what is happening to them. Some printing union leaders are now, in fact, getting worried about the prospect ahead, and they have been making their own surveys of the industry. There have also been a series of talks between the unions and the management of the *News Chronicle* and *Star*, which as middle-range newspapers unsupported by any large general publishing organisation are particularly affected by high production costs. Meanwhile, the stark fact remains that it takes far more men to print and publish a stated number of copies of a newspaper in Fleet Street today than it did before the war – or rather London newspaper agreements require that there shall be more men whether they are needed or not.

The newspaper industry today is in some ways the most fuddle-minded industry in the country. A startling illustration of just how fuddle-minded was cited by Laurence C. Scott, chairman of the *Manchester Guardian and Evening News, Ltd.*, the other day when he explained why the long anticipated London edition of the *Manchester Guardian* had had to be abandoned. Everybody who takes journalism seriously would wish to see the *Guardian* published in London. It is a national paper in everything but its place of printing. But its London readers have regularly to make-do with an edition which cannot hope to rival its contemporaries in the coverage of late news, however important. There is no doubt at all that if a late London issue were possible the *Guardian's* circulation would substantially increase. High London printing costs stand in the way.

Yet there is technically no reason whatever why the *Guardian* should not have such a London edition without having to run the risk of a crippling printers' bill. It is perfectly possible to photograph pages set up in type in Manchester and relay them electrically for publication in London at a fraction of the cost of traditional methods. A successful trial was made by the *Guardian*, and the copies so produced were practically indistinguishable from those printed in Manchester. But the trade union leaders the *Guardian* consulted advised that, if such a production method were employed, they 'could not answer for the attitude of their members'.

This seems to me an appalling commentary on an industry. Moreover it is merely a particularly dramatic illustration of what is happening almost all along the line. There have been immense technical advances in printing during the past few years. But although they are being used in general printing they are hardly being introduced at all, or only very slowly, into newspaper production, where they are so badly needed to bring about the economies that might allow threatened newspapers to survive. The most powerful newspapers on the whole do not care – as yet. A high cost structure suits them, for it helps to eliminate competitors. The unions may be worried about unemployment and the passing of long established skills, and it is essential that technological changes should take place in full consultation with them and with an avoidance of unnecessary labour upset. But the newspaper industry can, least of any, afford to turn its back on the future. The business of newspaper publishing is perilous enough without turning suicide into a settled habit.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

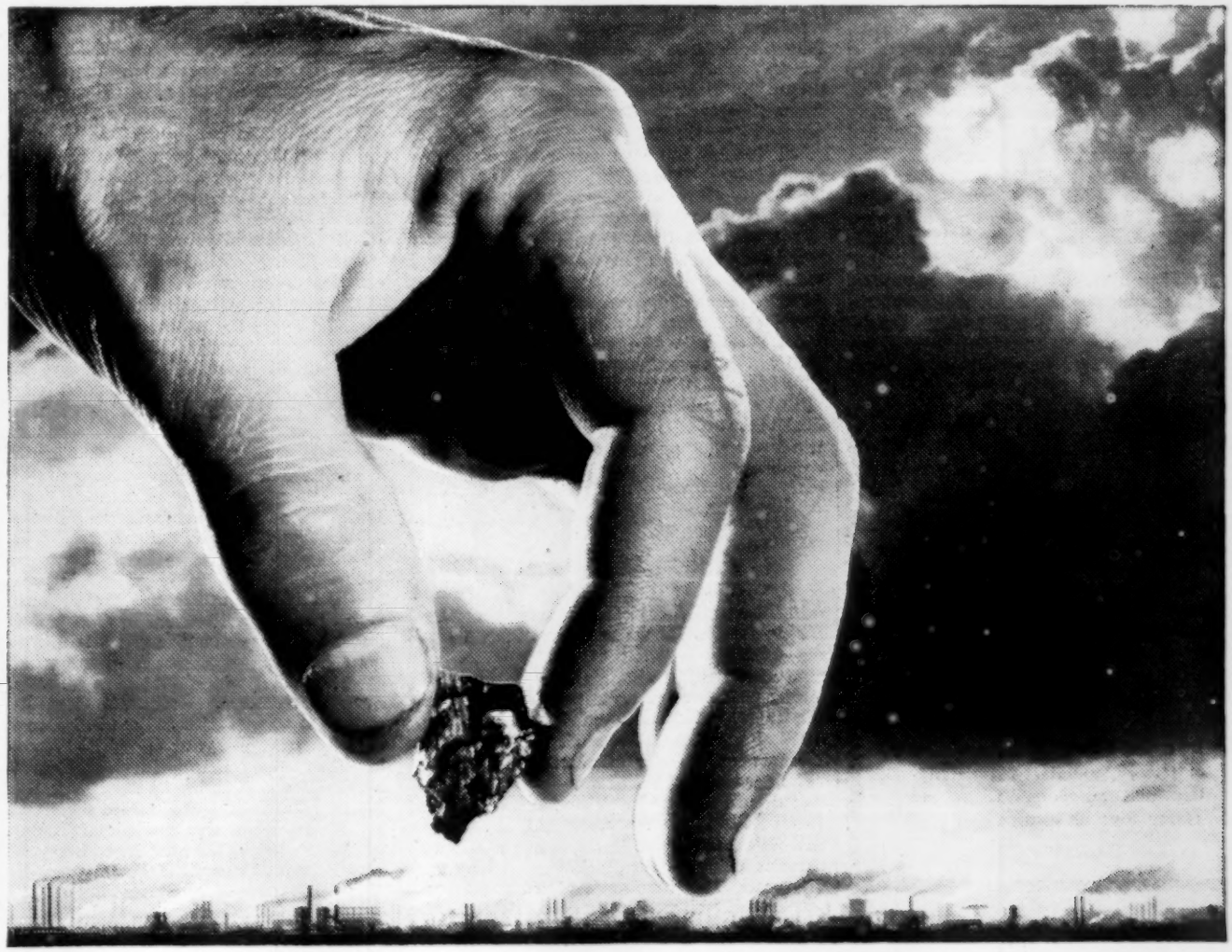
The Cats in Italy

With that enviable cynicism which does not quite exclude belief, the entire male youth of Southern Italy is at present singing the Neapolitan hit 'Tu fa' l'Americanu'. As jazz (or more precisely, rock-and-roll) is part of the Americanism which this song recommends to those who wish to be up to date, the British visitor in Italy is surrounded by appallingly familiar noises. Heaven knows, one does not blame Venetian gondoliers for giving Santa Lucia a wide berth when off duty, or the students of Urbino for forgetting about Raphael's musical tastes, but must their juke-boxes play substantially what the juke-boxes of Hammersmith played a few months ago? Must the Platters, Elvis Presley, Bill Haley and the rest drive out not merely the old operatic arias (I have come across only one disc by Gigli on a juke box), but even home-grown popular music, which is reduced to about 25 per cent. of the repertoire? The answer, it seems, is yes. Given perfect freedom of cultural competition, Presley comes out on top. Only an occasional record by Louis Armstrong emerges from the mass of drivel. Gone are the days when working-class Italians called their children Tosca or Norma. Instead we have the statement of one young rock-and-roller: 'The old people like opera, but it's too long and too hard.'

These, no doubt, are not the real Italian jazz-lovers. But if the genuine enthusiasts are more sophisticated and more ambitious, they are by no means more interesting. The weekly *Espresso*, which hides its considerable intellectualism behind a tabloid make-up, has just concluded a series of contests which establish the taste of the Italian cats in considerable detail. But there is very little that is specifically national in their opinions. The only notably Italian element is the passion with which the intellectuals have taken to jazz, more specifically to 'modern' jazz. *Unità* is almost certainly the only official Communist organ in the world to have devoted an entire column to a review of the admirable *Modern Jazz Quartet* which it brackets, with Kenton, Tristano and Miles Davis – a strange combination – as 'the sincerest musical expression of contemporary America'.

Fortunately the marvels of modern civilisation penetrate the Italian South more slowly, and its inhabitants are in any case too poor to buy many of them ready-made. In the small Apulian fishing-port in which I write these notes, 'jazz' is still an aspiration rather than a fact. The young men who get together in the barber-shops of an evening – the nearest sporting house is some fifty miles away, so that they have plenty of time – have indeed supplemented their guitars with the rhythm of *bongos*, but their repertoire is fundamentally the old-fashioned and glutinous Neapolitan one. There is as much or as little to be said for this as for any other form of big-city sentimentalism, but it is certainly preferable to Elvis Presley, even though it has practically submerged the harsh and melancholy native music of the region.

The more adventurous, however, have already taken to jazz, even though they have only a hazy notion of what it is. As the leader of the local band (two guitars, accordion, drums) says, apologetically: 'You understand, we play as best we can, not like Louis Armstrong.' Fortunately this introduces an element of local colour into Apulian jazz, and if it is not greatly like the real thing, it is spiritually much more akin to it than one might think. At the neighbouring village, San Mennaio, the band consists of a plumber, a butcher, a barber and Peppino, the leader, a mechanic. None of them can read music, therefore they improvise. They have heard few jazz-records and buy none, therefore they cannot copy the famous soloists. The basic instruments are the local ones: guitar and accordion. Peppino's saxophone is quite exceptional, and the only trumpeter in the region – he learned to play with a British army jazz band while a prisoner of war in the Middle East – has now emigrated. Drum-kits are pro-



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duced by miracles of improvisation: flour containers are covered with local goat-skin, bits of Vespas and old US machine-guns are pressed into service, and the whole outfit, which is naturally below the orthodox size, is carefully painted in a 'modernistic' style. For the musicians of Apulia, unlike our skifflers, do not glory in playing home-made instruments. If they had the money, they would buy proper ones. What they play is not very exciting, but it is their own.

The jazz-bands of this part of Apulia are about two or three years old. Why did the young town artisans and middle-class boys in these miserable backwaters start to play? (The peasants do not yet seem to have acquired the taste.) 'Because there was nothing to amuse people' according to Peppino. 'Because the older people have no amusements except walking up and down, and anyway they have no initiative.' In the South, as everywhere else, 'jazz' marks the revolt of the young against the old, but in the South this revolt is a great deal more significant than in those parts of Italy which have something like a European standard of life. The bands of Peppino and Cecchino, the guitar-cum-accordion rock an' roll sessions, imply a rejection of the traditional alternatives before the young men: that of emigrating or of lapsing into the customary pattern of Southern life. Whatever his function elsewhere, here Louis Armstrong leads a major social transformation of the South, by the South, in the South.

The South also continues to provide popular music – as distinct from folk-music – of a high order. The Sicilian Domenico Modugno has recently recorded some haunting songs on the Fonit label, halfway between a sophisticated blues and a Portuguese *fado*, in which he laments the hard life of the sulphur-miners and pit ponies. This is not jazz; but it is a great deal nearer the spirit out of which American jazz emerged than local imitations of Gerry Mulligan. Perhaps Italian jazz-lovers will one day realise this. But it is not very likely.

FRANCIS NEWTON

BATSFORD Books

"EVERY country has its wonders, but nowhere in the world is there a counterpart of Windsor Castle and of Eton College, for they are foundations such as only England could have fashioned." Thus concludes B. J. W. Hill in **Windsor and Eton** (*25s*), the first general book to be published on the two famous adjoining towns for many years. It is an agreeable combination of history, architectural description and anecdote. There are Thirty Five illustrations.

IRIS Colour Books are known for the fidelity of their Swiss-printed reproductions in colour. **Indian Painting** (*35s*) contains an exquisite collection of classical pictorial art, introduced and annotated by W. G. Archer, Keeper of the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

THE fashion for distinguished but antique cars has its drawbacks — the problems of spares, repairs and re-equipment. Now two leading experts have written **The Restoration of Vintage and Thoroughbred Cars** (*30s*) by Richard Wheatley and Brian Morgan. It is packed with information, photographs and diagrams, and is a "must" for connoisseurs of classic cars.

BATSFORD Books

A Plain Hamlet

MR MICHAEL BENTHALL'S new production of *Hamlet* for the Old Vic has been widely praised; and justly, as it seems to me. It is not, if I remember rightly, enormously different from a former production of his at Stratford some years ago when Mr Helpmann and Mr Schofield alternated as the Prince. But at all the points where I remember this one as different Mr Benthall has improved on his earlier version. Then he staged it in a glittering Victorian décor by Mr James Bailey, and very pretty and, at that time, strikingly novel it was. Now, with Miss Audrey Cruddas as his designer, he has put it back some fifty years. This subtracts the element of shock with its concomitant element of chic, while leaving us with the great advantage that we are still all the time being reminded by the formalities that the Tragedy is played out against the background of a Court and Court Intrigue.

The plain backcloth with a minimum use of properties works admirably except (as always in these bare-stage versions) in the Mother-Hamlet scene. The bed and one chair make for awkwardness, with Gertrude shuffling her mirror and brush behind her. This, indeed, was the only scene where the direction faltered, and it was not through any deficiency of Coral Browne, whose lush and graceful beauty combined with her deep and sexy voice to make an admirable Queen. Mr Benthall has never shirked interchanging scenes to produce what seems to him a better dramatic rhythm, and he has the authority, we are told, of the first quarto of 1603 for shifting 'To be or not to be' a scene or two back. This certainly helps one interpretation of the dramatic rhythm, though I am by no means convinced that it is the unmistakably right one. It can well be argued that in tidying up the development of the action it tidies up Hamlet's character altogether too much. Anyhow, it is the right one for Mr Benthall who is on the whole against subtleties and inconsistencies and likes his audience to receive its Shakespeare as a straightforwardly conducted narrative, highlighted up, as dramatic narrative should be, with taut and simple climaxes.

Perhaps this predilection of his director's has to some extent hampered Mr John Neville in his conception and playing of the main part. It is true that Mr. Neville's straightforward, curiously innocent and unsubtle performance fits in very well with Mr Benthall's production. His is a plain, unvarious Hamlet 'with no knobs on'. But it is, of course, the very knobs which have made Hamlet the most acted, discussed, argued over, written about, role in all dramatic literature. Mr Neville is a well-graced actor with fine natural gifts. Perhaps he has been at the Old Vic altogether too long; perhaps it is too easy for someone with his particular talents – a romantic appearance and a pleasant voice – to *shelter behind* Shakespeare. I should like to see him now in some modern plays and under a tough director who could strip off the top layer of tone and find the plain wood underneath.

The Old Vic cast has come in for some rough handling in the last season or two, but when, as here, the direction comes off, they don't show up badly at all. Derek Francis is an excellent Polonius; Jack Gwillim, a Claudius conceived properly on the right side of late middle age; David Dodimead, reliability in every inflection and movement as Horatio.

The English Stage Company bring to the Royal Court their production of Sartre's *Nekrassov*. When this was first produced at the Unity I judged it a brilliantly inventive political farce – a form of play delightfully novel to us. If it now seems a good deal less funny, it is partly, of course, that it is political journalism and like all journalism is that much dated. But one must in honesty add that it has not come out very well in this production. Two main parts, that of the editor and that of Nekrassov, quite misfire in performance, though for different reasons. Mr Harry Corbett, as the editor, hasn't learned the lesson (or is this the Director's fault?) that the figures in farce must take themselves seriously. Guying the part for us, as Mr Corbett does, simply destroys it; there are traces of this fault everywhere in the production. Mr Robert Helpmann hasn't, quite simply, the comedian's touch; his voice is too heavy, he isn't nimble tongued enough, he doesn't have the trick of comic timing. Mr George Benson and Mr Roddy Macmillan are very funny, but in an essentially English way which itself splits the piece down the middle since its core is essentially not English, whatever it is. Mr Martin Miller, that clever actor, was most nearly in the right spirit.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Apes of God

IT would not be true to state that I went to see the paintings by chimpanzees at the ICA in a Beachcomberish mood, for I had decided I would not waste newsprint in hurling scorn at the affair. My feelings were only of sadness at the folly of the ICA, and my space in these columns was reserved for the discussion of some other exhibitions of abstract painting – those of Dennis Bowen at the New Vision Centre Gallery and of five artists – Henry Mundy, Bryn Jones, Peter Stroud, Gwyther Irwin, and John Nicoll – at the AIA Gallery, which I wanted to recommend, and of John Levee at Gimpel's, about which I intended to express a certain disappointment. As things turned out I'm afraid I can't give reasons because the chimps' exhibition is very far from being folly.

It is said that, given typewriters and time, a group of apes or monkeys would write the works of Shakespeare. It is clear, however, that the merits of the paintings of Congo, of the London Zoo, are not the products of chance. The exhibition includes photographs of the results of experiments in which Congo was given a pencil and

sheets of paper on which a rectangle varying in size or horizontal lines varying in position had been drawn, or to which a square of cut paper had been pasted. From these there can be no doubt that Congo does not make his marks at random, that he aims to achieve some sort of pattern and balance, and that his notion of balance is indistinguishable from human notions of balance.

The aesthetic merit of Congo's paintings is precisely analogous to that of children's art (*Sunday Pictorial*, please note). They are pretty and charming and they quickly wear thin. They are as good as good children's paintings. There is one interesting difference from children's art. Children show little or no spontaneous desire to make non-figurative paintings. When they are asked to make them, they tend to use schematic, geometric forms. Chimpanzees, however, produce paintings which resemble the other kind, the 'free' kind, of human non-figurative paintings. This would scarcely be remarkable if their paintings were unorganised daubs, but that is just what Congo's paintings are not.

The other paintings in the exhibition are by Betsy, of the Baltimore Zoo. These are utterly different from Congo's in style, and this cannot be explained merely by the difference in their methods and materials (Congo uses brushes, Betsy her fingers, like the ageing Titian). Congo's style is graphic, he draws lines here and there on a surface; Betsy covers the whole surface with vortexes of paint.

Betsy's paintings, unlike Congo's, are often as beautiful and as moving, because of their strange evocation of light, as good abstract paintings by human beings. At the same time, there are many reasons for believing that they are more reliant than Congo's upon sheer hazard. And, indeed, they probably ought to be classed – because their beauty depends on accidental evocation – with things like raindrops on a window, mildew, and coals in the fire. Only, they are moving in a way that these phenomena are not, and the reason for this is that they contain, besides the suggestion of an image, the traces of a gesture which might have been a human gesture, and that the gesture *animates* the image. The great value of these paintings is, it seems to me, that they show what are the minimal and fundamental requirements for an aesthetic experience: these are neither order and harmony nor the communication of thought or feeling: they are the conjunction, reconciliation, between some sort of evocation of an image and some sort of trace of a gesture.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Music

Two notable musicians, a newcomer and an old friend, have visited us in London this week; nevertheless our first thoughts fly elsewhere—Northwards, to a Finland strangely diminished without its great laureate. Though Jean Sibelius had been for so long unproductive, we had begun to think of him as of a midnight sun, immutable. That massive square head and craggy frame suggested some substance more durable than flesh; they recalled the natural forces so powerfully and poetically evoked in his music.

Wagner called Mendelssohn 'a landscape painter of the first order'; and the same description applies to Sibelius. But what a difference in the landscapes! *Fingal's Cave*, a masterpiece of nineteenth-century music, is picturesque: the vision of a tourist of genius. *Tapiola* is beyond the scope of any tourist, and if it is picturesque, it is so in a sense unrecognised in any travel agency: it is hallucinatory, spell-binding, alarming. Like the masters of Russian literature, Sibelius has the power to convey, in some way beyond the reach of technical analysis, an imaginative impression of sheer territorial vastness: of endless inhuman expanses of forest and heath and water. The scene is not always grey or sombre: a glittering surface charm irradiates, for instance, that brief and neglected masterpiece, *The Oceanides*; but the characteristic mood is stern and grand. When this composer turns his level gaze from the horizon to the nearer scene, he becomes weakly conventional and sentimental – like a gallant explorer whose blue eyes mist with tears at the thought of some faithful spaniel. A little, just a very little, of this weaker stuff found its way into his symphonic music; it is perceptible in the Violin Concerto and in the Third and Fifth Symphonies. His greatest compositions, the Fourth, Sixth and Seventh Symphonies and some of the tone-poems, are free from this or any other weakness; original and convincing in structure, they stand as indestructible monuments of musical thought.

The 36-year-old Hungarian pianist, György Cziffra, who escaped from Hungary at the time of the rising, has since created a sensation wherever he has appeared. Last Saturday, slightly to our disappointment, he played the two Liszt works which he has recorded for HMV, the First Concerto and the Hungarian Fantasy, and nothing else except an astounding group of encores; consequently we could form no impression of his capacity in the classics or in Chopin, to whose music his genius seems well attuned. Genius it certainly is. To begin with, his technique is of the fabulous kind which laughs at impossibilities. How was it possible that ten fingers alone could

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Next week in the

DAILY HERALD
LABOUR'S CHAMPION—PAST, PRESENT *AND FUTURE*

have played his first encore, a paraphrase of Rimsky-Korsakov's 'Flight of the Bumble Bee,' in which rapid and perfectly articulated figuration seemed to be proceeding simultaneously in every register of the keyboard? But with Cziffra technique is only a beginning. Within the limits of what he chose to play, he showed unerring musical taste. His bravura never degenerated into mere noise; his cantabile playing, thanks to very fine dynamic gradations and a minimum use of the sustaining pedal, had a pearly luminosity and charm; and his precise rhythmic control kept the music continually alive and persuasive. Alexander Gibson, conducting the Royal Philharmonic, accompanied skilfully, and also secured smooth and supple performances of symphonies by Mendelssohn and Prokofiev.

At the Wigmore Hall, under the auspices of the Opera School, Madame Lotte Lehmann began on Monday a series of twelve Master Classes in vocal interpretation. It was a fascinating evening, which combined many kinds of pleasure and instruction. Mme Lehmann's warm, ebullient and amusing personality delighted the audience and banished all thoughts of embarrassment. Several young singers were taken through two famous scenes from *Der Rosenkavalier*; with unfailing tact and sure artistic sense, Mme Lehmann would watch and guide each interpretation, often intervening with some suggestion of stagecraft or of vocal intonation; both of these she illustrated herself, the latter with an eloquent kind of *Sprechgesang* an octave below the written note. To hear her utter once again the words that precede the Trio, 'Ich weiss auch nix . . . *gar nix*'; to watch her play with her fan during Sophie's chatter and suddenly cease when Octavian begins to speak: these things filled her old admirers with nostalgic emotion, but it was evident that they also inspired the young, spectators and pupils alike. Among the latter, who benefited audibly and visibly from their instruction, we heard two charming Octavians in Jeannette Sinclair and Margaret Lensky, and in Elizabeth Crook a Marschallin with an unusually rich and well-placed soprano. Ivor Newton was an admirably resourceful accompanist. Of the nine remaining sessions, partly devoted to Lieder and partly to opera, one – the afternoon of 2 October – will be occupied by further scenes from *Der Rosenkavalier*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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MAURICE ASHLEY

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Off Beam

JUAN-ANTONIO BARDEM, whose *Grand' Rue* opened at the Curzon last week, has made a quick and distinctive mark on the European cinema. Two years ago he was bravely critical of certain aspects of the Franco regime in *Death of a Cyclist*; and before that he had written the pleasantly satirical *Welcome Mr Marshall*. It came as no great surprise to learn last year that he had been arrested in Spain while in the middle of shooting his new film. No charges were offered, and vehement protests were made from abroad. After about a fortnight in custody, Bardem was released.

His social preoccupations show less obviously in *Grand' Rue*: implicitly, though, they are there. The aimlessness and the irresponsibility of the moneyed bourgeoisie – which was the open theme of *Death of a Cyclist* – is here expressed in the wanton cruelty of a group of young idlers in a dreary Spanish provincial town. Their victim is a pathetic spinster in her mid-thirties, who has begun to despair of ever finding a husband. They hoax her into believing that one of the gang is in love with her: she is taken in: weakly the young man allows the deception to grow until their marriage has been announced. At last the truth is brutally revealed, and the girl's last hope of happiness is destroyed.

To signify (to be tolerable, even), this story needed to be told sharply, cruelly, surgically. Bardem's film, however, is lingering, sentimental and mannered. Pathos should be implicit in the central part; but Betsy Blair is allowed to court it, and the effect is unpleasantly soft. Equally mistaken is the laboured quality of the direction. Bardem is acutely conscious of style, and although *Grand' Rue* is free from the irritating trickery of cutting which marred *Death of a Cyclist*, it equally lacks spontaneity in its camera technique. Every sequence seems designed as a *tour de force*, of sound, of composition or of cutting; but what is expressed in these highly-wrought passages generally turns out to be banal. Too frequently, the style itself is derivative. Whether Bardem has seen *I Vitelloni* or not (he says he hasn't), the Fellini influence is strong; Welles and Antonioni make their contributions; and the girl's last walk down mainstreet, through the drenching rain, is uncomfortably like the end of almost any Joan Crawford picture. The whole impression is of a talent dangerously apt to confuse truth with superficial, and particularly *sophisticated*, 'effect'.

With *A Hatful of Rain* (at the Rialto), we are back on the conveyor belt with a vengeance. This is adapted from an Actors' Studio play about a young drug addict, fashionably harassed by father-trouble, brother-trouble, wife-trouble, and war-trouble, in an overcrowded New York apartment. There are some smart-melancholy exteriors of real New York streets, and even a hint of neo-realism in the awful apartment block where the unhappy family lives. But once pretty, long-suffering Eve Marie Saint has opened the door of that tidy Twentieth Century-Fox decor up on the third floor, all is lost. There is plenty of time to reflect, as the long, dialogue-filled shots wind away, how old-fashioned this stuff really is. 'Johnny, please . . . please love me!' 'I'm ashamed to call you my son!' 'I love my brother's wife. I can't help it!' A film like this makes one realise how truly remarkable has been the advance of the Hecht-Lancaster company, with pictures like *Bachelor Party* and *Sweet Smell of Success*.

But if I call *A Hatful of Rain* old-fashioned, I am left with no word for the British *Seven Thunders* (Odeon, Marble Arch) but primeval. For this strip-cartoon adventure story, a Hollywood director, Hugo Fregonese, has been imported to Pinewood – one of those wide-angle, low-key merchants who thinks you make a scene exciting by putting the camera on the floor. The intriguing title is a deception. *Old Mother Riley Outwits the Gestapo* would convey more accurately the tone of this farrago.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

Prospect of Youth

AFTER long years of preparation but without any opening ceremony (though Miss Enid Love took the DG himself along to sit in on the first programme with forty first-year B-stream girls in a secondary modern school off the Fulham Palace Road), BBC school television began at 2.5 p.m. on Tuesday. Children in about a thousand schools are known to have been viewing on this notable occasion. The programme happened to be the first in the series *Living in the Commonwealth* and the first of five about life in Canada (brought forward, because the Queen is going there, ahead of a more picturesque series about life in India).

Other BBC school TV programmes – *Young People at Work*, science, current affairs – will be aimed at slightly senior children, up to 15 years old. The 'target' of the Commonwealth series is the 11-12 age-group – 'the average ones who have just failed the 11+'. So its first main characteristic is stark simplicity: a big legible map with a pointer, a narrative that illustrated first the enormous size of Canada, the obvious film shots – apple-packing, felling the tall timber, a salmon picnic. Its second main characteristic is a specially personal authenticity: Mr Bernard Braden was chosen to talk about Vancouver in this first programme not only because he has an easy, attractive style of speaking but because he was born and brought up in Vancouver. Next Tuesday's, on Saskatchewan, will be narrated by Mr Jerry Stovin, an actor (but rugged) who in his boyhood used to go camping in that part of Saskatchewan which is now Uranium City: he will have with him in the studio a piece of uranium-laden rock and a Geiger counter.

It was Mr Braden's personality that made the first programme. The children seem to have loved his homely jokes. The producer, Miss Peggie Broadhead, had done her job well, but without him it would have been quite an ordinary travelogue; and some of the film did not seem to be (at any rate, on the set on which I saw it) of very good quality. But I am sure that they are right to aim at this extreme simplicity. 'If anything,' said Miss Love afterwards, 'it was still too overloaded.' A TV programme can fade from memory as quickly as a dream unless the teacher quickly rubs in or draws out its lessons. The simplicity must be aural as well as visual, too, because of the bad acoustics of many older classrooms: speech over music, effective in a carpeted room, may be confusing in an echoing school.

It was interesting, a few minutes after the BBC programme had ended, to switch to the commercial channel and the rival school programme. (No overlapping, by agreement.) This one happened to be on arithmetic, the most difficult of all subjects, one would think, to present televisually. (The BBC are leaving it till next year, holding that much more experience is still needed of how much children can really take in through this medium.)

In comparison with the BBC programme, the ITV one was highly 'sophisticated': far above the heads of most 11-year-olds, I should think. There was an imaginative and vivid introduction to the use of numbers—a cartoon of a primitive deer-hunter holding up three fingers to show how many fish he would take in exchange for a stag's head. But why was it suggested that the abacus was a device used in ancient times only? It is still in use—and could have been filmed—in banks and shops in many southern countries. The producer had bad luck, too: the material was so complicated that something seemed to have gone wrong in the studio, and we saw the wrong slides and heard ghostly voices. These mishaps were corrected in the repeat of the programme, but perhaps accounted for anxious intensity in the delivery of the narrator, Mr John Richmond.

He was hampered also by a rather too artificial script, full of 'Here, then, was . . .' and 'And now . . .' and 'And so we find . . .' – linking locutions hardly ever used in spoken English. By contrast, the BBC had provided Mr Braden with a script so straightforward that it might have been himself extemporising: I noticed only one transatlantic phrase ('transportation problem') that could have puzzled a London child.

At the end of the ITV programme we were given a trailer for another. 'Just how much influence', an earnest voice asked, 'does mass media . . . have on us?' Not too much on our grammar, I hope.

It is Miss Love's ambition some day to be able to 'eliminate people sitting at desks'. They are too reminiscent of the regular teacher, whose work TV must never duplicate or try to replace; yet, at present, it is difficult to do TV for schools without them. Certainly both Mr Braden and Mr. Richmond were essential on Tuesday.

There is an interesting article on this whole subject in the *Local Government Chronicle* for September 21, containing a good deal of data from America (including the horrid news that television students there are called 'viewdents'). The article reports that British viewing groups thought that some of last term's experimental ITV programmes tried to convey too much information, and suggested that a TV programme might be aimed at children in their last year at primary school, 'where timetables and schemes of work can be more easily altered', and there are 'many more active parent-teacher associations . . . who might provide TV sets'.

School television is still spoken of, by the responsible broadcasting authorities and by educationists, as an experiment; but, though the producers are undoubtedly learning as they go, I find it hard to believe that this is an experiment which will ever be abandoned. No new school will surely now be built without its specially designed TV theatre. Quite apart from any immediate educational value that it may have, school television might have one important long-term effect: if its present standards can be maintained and improved, as they will be, it could help children, on growing up, to demand really adult television in their homes.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

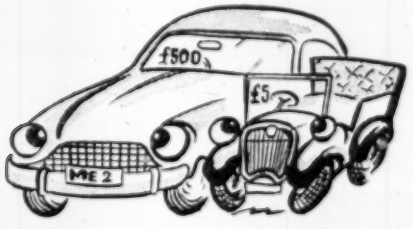
THE NEW SCHOOL TIE

SIR,—Judith Hubback's excellent survey of conditions in Modern schools rightly stresses several points not always mentioned when comparisons are made between Modern and Grammar schools—for instance, the importance of homework, and the different systems and standards of textbook provision often found in the two types of school.

One further point needs to be emphasised. The Modern school cannot achieve 'parity of esteem' with the Grammar school until it is granted parity of financial treatment. There is a case for providing different kinds of education in Modern and Grammar schools; there is no legitimate case for spending considerably more per pupil of the same age per year on the Grammar school than on the Modern school. Yet many local authorities do this, and conceal the fact from the public by publishing an overall figure for expenditure on secondary education, instead of the separate figures for Grammar, Modern and Technical pupils.

Recently government policy has tended to increase the disparity between Modern and Grammar schools—for example, salary awards weighted in favour of Grammar-school teachers, though Modern-school teachers probably have, on the whole, the harder job. If the new Minister wishes to convince us that the government really believes in the 1944 Act he will try to persuade all local authorities to spend the same amount per pupil of the same age per year on the Modern school as on the Grammar school, and to publish the present figures. Such a reform would at once improve many of the unsatisfactory conditions that Mrs Hubback notes.

This would, after all, be no more than has been promised: Ministry of Education Pamphlet No. 9, *The New Secondary Education*, published in 1947,



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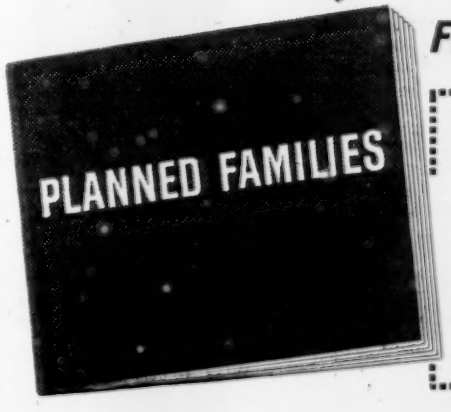

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states (page 30): 'The modern school will be given parity of conditions with other types of secondary school; parity of esteem it must achieve by its own efforts.' In too many parts of the country parity of conditions is still very far from being given. The victims of this broken promise are the 80 per cent. of children of secondary age who attend Modern schools, their parents and their teachers.

SECONDARY MODERN TEACHER

SIR,—As another teacher, and a parent of children now at school, may I raise a major issue with your contributor Judith Hubback?

She seems to be sold—as indeed are many, many other able and experienced teachers—on the system of 'streaming' which today permeates state schools in England. The reasons given for streaming are usually that it is necessary to help teachers cope with classes which are twice as big as they should be, and to help those children thought capable of it to get into Grammar schools. The system is in tune with the 'abilities and aptitudes' clause in the 1944 Act. After 35 years of teaching children of seven to 17 in state and private schools, I feel that the prep and public school system which treats every child as a 'Grammar' type does by and large succeed in ironing out those differences in attainment which arise between young children as a result of their home conditions.

The state system, however, battens upon these differences as test-fodder almost as soon as the child gets inside the Infant school; has them well documented in a confidential report before he gets out of it; and so lands him, before the end of his first year in a Primary class, neatly and almost indelibly labelled 'Secondary Modern' or 'Grammar'. Separated from the Grammar-school stream, the children in the 'lower' streams, the B, C, D and E classes, tend to fall further and further behind year by year, so that by the fourth year there really is some excuse for the talk about 'Grammar-school types'—and for the authorities to get out of providing that one adequate common secondary school for all children, which is surely the only possible educational basis for a democracy.

Streaming not only makes children unfit for the common school: it is itself a backdoor violation of the principle of one school for all. Further, the experience of the private schools, and the results of some experiments in de-streaming which have been published this year, suggest that in practice streaming may slow down the development of those put into the 'lower' streams (perhaps through loss of self-confidence, of the example of those most co-operative and successful in school, and of prior consideration in matters of staffing, accommodation and equipment) without any compensating advantage to those in the Grammar stream.

K. B. FORGE

Credon Secondary Modern School
Bermondsey

SIR,—Surely the criticism of training college tutors in your recent article on secondary schools leaves out of account that tutors are appointed in the first place because they are distinguished teachers; and that, while it is certainly valuable to renew their contact with children, the main tasks they have to fulfil are (i) to teach their subject or special field of education to students and to keep abreast of its development in matter and methodology; (ii) to prepare the students for practice in the schools and by regular visits to get to know the class and help to solve its problems; (iii) to set on foot from time to time, in selected schools, some experimental work in which the students will take part, and which will illumine, we hope, their theoretical studies. In addition, in a resident college the tutors have to create a community in which students can grow to maturity. It is no light task and cannot be learnt in the short period that a Minister of Education takes to master his duties.

J. D. BROWNE

City of Coventry Training College

SIR,—The really important questions to be asked about Secondary Modern schools are these: How many of those who fashion the policy of the Labour Party send their children to state Primary schools and leave them there to take the 11-plus examination and then, if the decision goes that way, let them complete their education in a Modern (or even a Comprehensive) school? How many of the leading trade unionists? How many of the regular contributors to the NEW STATESMAN? How many Directors of Education? How many of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools? These questions are never asked, of course, for the reason that everyone suspects that the answer is, in each case, 'Hardly any'. If this is so, it must continue to seem extremely odd that Labour politicians and writers (let alone educational administrators) should have such very confident theories about, and such apparent public faith in, a system of education which they take good care to avoid when planning the education of their own children.

L. C. B. SEAMAN

41 Waldens Park Road
Woking, Surrey

SIR,—Your contributor's article on the Secondary Modern school was interesting. But what alarmed me was the scant attention she gave to Modern schools where an attempt is being made to reach the child as a human entity capable of appreciating not only the mechanics but the motion of society. It may impress parents to think of their children as 'nearly as good as Grammar-school children', nearly as good, that is, examination fodder; it should impress them even more (if we must impress) to find their 11-plus 'failures' far more susceptible to the impact of the arts than most Grammar-school children. The D, and even E, stream child is very often capable of 'understanding' the total poem, the total painting, where a 'brainier' child finds his ability to analyse a distraction and a disadvantage. There are schools near London where this has been proved over and over again (the George Mitchell school, Leyton, is one which comes easily to mind); and it is quite possible that participation by the artist in the life of the child, as well as that of the larger, minority adult community, is the best way to show to the largely Philistine British majority that art has not only value but utility. The Secondary Modern school is traditionally 'available for experiment'; both the school-children and the experimenters enjoy the sort of experiment which results in an emotional maturity in the child, far more relevant than the academic competence of the Grammar-school product.

ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE

9 Collingham Road
Kensington, SW5

GROTIUS ON ATOMIC WAR

SIR,—Mr Crossman now advocates a 'division of labour' in Nato, by which US nuclear power throws its protecting shield over America's west European satellites, who provide the men to fight and die in little wars for American purposes and under US command. Whereas in the pamphlet *Keep Left*, published in 1948, Mr Crossman described Churchill's policy of Anglo-American alliance to 'fend off the menace of Communism and to deter Russian aggression' as criminal folly and a policy of the United States fighting to the last Englishman. He condemned the whole idea of the US bringing Britain and western Europe into a grand alliance against Communism and the Soviet Union, and concluded:

> If America, supported by the British government, organises 'collective security' against Russia and uses dollar loans to prop up anti-Communist regimes around her frontiers, the Communist leaders can draw only one conclusion. They will assume the worst and stand stubbornly on the defensive until their scientists have made sufficient atomic bombs to redress the balance of military power.
>
> This sort of 'collective security' is a counsel of despair. Its advocates assume an unbridgeable gulf between the western and the eastern powers and argue that the only way to stop Communism spreading is to organise the world against Russia. In the short term this means ruin for a Europe divided into rival spheres of influence; in the long run it means a third world war.

Now all this is coming true with a vengeance. The H-bomb has added the crowning touch of nightmare horror. Yet this is the moment Mr Crossman chooses to advocate the insane and wicked policy he condemned in such prophetic words when it was launched. Why?

K. ZILLIACUS

GREENE AND SHAW

SIR,—Really Mr Adler should stick to the point. I was not defending the film version of *Saint Joan*, or even my part in it, I was replying to the offensive statement that I had been brought into the film in order to catholicise it. However, if Mr Adler will look again at Shaw's play he will find the incident of the hens laying is left unchanged in the film—except for the exclamation 'Christ in Heaven!' which no censor would pass. What, of course, happened is that in place of a curtain, which gives the audience time to laugh happily at Baudricourt's reaction, there is a 'fade': a curtain lasts ten minutes, a 'fade' as many seconds: a film has to go on. This kills the laugh and I don't see how the killing could have been avoided without recourse to a drastic rewriting of Shaw's text.

Personally I have always found the incident of the wind changing in Shaw's play sentimental and unconvincing and it remains sentimental and unconvincing in the film. Personally I would have liked to omit the scene altogether, but then what would Shaw's admirers have said? None of the three so-called miracles in Shaw's *Saint Joan* has been omitted, but none of them has been made to look any more authentic than in the original play. The criticism of the third 'miracle' is left, as Shaw wrote it, in the mouth of the archbishop. I have a haunting im-

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pression that it is a long time since your correspondent read Shaw's play.

Certainly there were cuts in the epilogue, but rather less cuts perhaps than in the rest of the play. I doubt whether Mr Adler's reverence for Shaw would have stood up to a film of three and a half hours. There is a very simple reason why the Gentleman from Rome was cut. When the play was first produced the canonisation of Saint Joan was still a recent event and the dialogue of the Gentleman from Rome had a lively contemporary flavour. Now to the vast majority of any film audience Saint Joan's canonisation has faded into past history; it is no longer an issue, and surely they would have been mystified by the sudden appearance of a gentleman in a top hat, announcing something which they had known all their lives, in a costume they could not easily identify.

Mr Hobbs makes a great song-and-dance about what Mr Christopher Hollis once wrote about Shaw's play. With all due respect to Mr Hollis I can hardly accept him as the voice of the Church. The best critical apreciation of Shaw's *Saint Joan*, as I wrote before, is that by Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., which appeared at the time of the first production in the pages of *The Month*. Of course Shaw was critical of many things that Catholics believe, but does Mr Hobbs really expect Catholics to find criticism offensive? What a strange angry young life he must live if he finds any opposition to his ideas 'repugnant' and 'offensive'.

GRAHAM GREENE

Albany, W1

THE CHATSWORTH TREASURES

SIR,—The comments made in the NEW STATESMAN with regard to the transfer to London of some of the Chatsworth works of art raises a number of problems. First, if your point of view is admitted, what is the dividing difference between works of regional and national importance? Surely, sometimes the two overlap, and at any rate, they are impossible to distinguish, since the cultural life of the provinces is a national asset. Furthermore, it cannot be doubted that the staffs of the art galleries of Liverpool, Manchester and Sheffield are thoroughly well qualified to look after works of art.

But the most important issue raised is surely this: in order to give art lovers and students an idea of quality, an isolated visit to London, where so many art treasures are assembled, is insufficient, since true appreciation demands repeated contacts; and these are impossible for those who live up north.

HELEN ROSENAU

History of Art Department
The University
Manchester

SIR,—Mr Palmer's letter on Chatsworth is just what I value the *N.S.* for. Surely your critics whose work I admire so much—Sylvester, Berger, Heron—ought to be pleased if everything *isn't* in London. It makes them more exciting to read if they can say: 'Perhaps you don't know that the best Van Gogh pen-drawing in England is at Birmingham. Or if you care for Sèvres porcelain, which I can only just look at with an effort, you mustn't miss the Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle'. The treasure-hunt idea adds a lot of interest to the treasures, and a lot of prestige to the critics who know—and of course we readers are thrilled by their omniscience. Look at the huge, unmanageable masses we have in London. No fun for anyone. Local Shrines make Happy Pilgrims.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE WINKWORTH

18 Bloomfield Road
W9

BRITAIN AND THE SLAVE TRADE

SIR,—In your article, 'Freedom and Justice in Ghana', in which it is stated that 'nothing can atone for the British record in West Africa, where people still recall the unparalleled horrors of the slave trade', it should be made clear that any slavery that existed during the lifetime of any persons still living was carried on by the indigenous chiefs and rulers. The abolition of slavery and inter-tribal wars was one of the results of the advent of British administration. It is, of course, true that Britain and the other seafaring European nations profited greatly by the slave trade and encouraged the slave trading chiefs of the Guinea coast and the interior by providing a market for men taken in war; but not within the memory of the present inhabitants.

I have lived and worked in West Africa for several years and have on numerous occasions heard Africans speaking of the time of the wars and slavery, but not in connection with British rule.

R. W. SIMMONDS

Wimborne
Dorset.

BOMB TESTS

SIR,—In spite of widespread opposition to nuclear weapon tests more explosions are taking place in Australia now and the Government is, apparently, planning more H-Bomb tests at Christmas Island next year.

Apart from the risks involved to the health of present and future generations, the continuation of tests will only bring us more rapidly to the stage when more and more countries have the means of world destruction at their command, in the shape of intercontinental missiles armed with hydrogen bomb warheads. Unless we can now take steps to halt this quest for easier methods of mass destruction, the peace of the world will become increasingly unstable.

As sponsors of the National Council for the Abolition of Nuclear Weapon Tests we urge all those opposed to further testing to send their name and address to the Secretary at 29 Great James Street, London, WC1, and, if possible, a financial contribution as well, for funds are urgently needed.

JIM CAMPBELL, GEORGE CICESTR, ROSE MACAULAY, COMPTON MACKENZIE, GEORGE F. MACLEOD, BEN NICHOLSON, RUSSELL, DONALD SOPER, MICHAEL TIPPETT, C. H. WADDINGTON.

LORD JIM

SIR,—Mr V. S. Pritchett's article on Conrad in a recent issue was interesting to me because it bore all the characteristics of the modern literary critic, to read into Conrad's career a great deal of matter that is not there.

Incidentally Mr Pritchett says Conrad's parents were exiled to Siberia. They were exiled to Kiev.

He asks, why did he write *Lord Jim*? I can tell him. It was a *cause célèbre* in Malaya. Everybody knew of it. A ship, a small steamer called Jeddah, carrying pilgrims to Mecca, ran over a sunken wreck and was abandoned by her European crew. She was found and picked up by a French ship and brought in. The inquiry took place in Singapore. I heard of it from a chief engineer who was a junior out there at the time. As for Lord Jim himself, he lost his ticket. It is as simple as that. When you lose your ticket you are through, finished, kaput. But the literary critic has to find all sorts of Freudian symbolisms in the tale. Conrad was a master mariner. He knew what happened to the Lord Jims.

The chief engineer who told me the story was persuaded to read *Lord Jim*. I recall his comment. 'He's idealised the fellow.' Conrad now and then burst out at the sort of thing Mr Pritchett offers in this article. But since the literary critics have fastened on his corpse we are rapidly losing sight of Conrad the story-teller.

Jean-Aubry's book is not at all definitive as is being advertised. It is most inadequate. It contains numerous inaccuracies regarding Conrad's life in England. He calls a sailing ship a steamer on one occasion, and he is woefully ignorant of many details in the Merchant Service and in the Royal Navy. He tells us nothing of Mrs Conrad's family and does not even say where she lived in London. Compared with the two huge volumes dealing with Shaw which have recently appeared it is a most unsatisfactory book. I have only seen one reviewer, apart from myself, who has protested at its inadequacy.

WILLIAM MCFEE

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Kakodaimonical

YET another Corvo! Will, one wonders, that tap ever stop trickling? A collection of magazine stories this time*, some of them written as many as sixty years ago for such unlikely editors as Jerome K. Jerome and Frank Harris and now carefully edited by Mr Cecil Woolf and impeccably printed, at three guineas a head, in a limited edition of 250 copies, not counting those allotted the reviewers ('out of series') and a dozen ten-guinea *de luxe* copies printed 'on Hodgkinson's hand-made blue-laid paper'. 'The print', declare the publishers, with that crushing and Genesis-like finality that so gets the bibliomaniac, 'has been distributed'. Blue-laid or not, these stories are no great shakes. They include one or two bad tales of Toto, a souvenir of Rolfe's baleful feud with Fr Beauclerk at Holywell and a quick claw at the Rector of the Scots College. A handful of hate from the Baron's ever self-replenishing hoard.

What is it about Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe that still so arrests us? To rate him at his proper value, I suggest we must first throw overboard all the usual nonsense, the whole Corvine light industry that has grown up around his name. The late A. J. A. Symons wrote a brilliant book and we are all in his debt but he bequeathed his folio-nonesuch-fanfrolico successors a legacy that has become as trivial as his own memorable meals and musical boxes. Between the bibliophiles' asterisks and his admirers' contention that Rolfe was in some special sense a 'fine writer', the man himself—and his minor but highly authentic and original contribution to literature – has been lost sight of. *Hadrian VII* is not a masterpiece, certainly; one whole half of it is sheer rubbish, the kind of cosmic fantasy that R. H. Benson put into best-sellers like *The Lord of the World* and *The Dawn of All*. Yet, as D. H. Lawrence remarked, 'the book remains a clear and definite book of our epoch, not to be swept aside. If it is the book of a demon . . . it is the book of a man demon, not of a mere poseur. And if some of it is caviare, at least it came out of the belly of a live fish'. *Hadrian VII* is pure wish-fulfilment, Rolfe's daydream of power – just as *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole* (a much better book, in my opinion) is his daydream of sex. Both are the works of a man who may have been a perisher and was obviously a paranoiac but who, as Mr Auden has pointed out, 'is neither a wet-leg nor ignoble'.

I believe that the root of all the popular misconception (not to say twaddle) that still surrounds Rolfe lies in the idea that he was somehow a 'spoiled priest'. Nothing, of course, could be more untrue. Like 'escapist', 'fellow-traveller', 'the establishment' and 'angry young man', 'spoiled priest' is a phrase that has been sloppily over-worked in recent years, perhaps as a result of the popularity of Mr Graham Greene's novels and plays here and in America. However densely Mr Greene's living-rooms, potting-sheds and Mexican pampas may be thronged with unshaven clerical dipsomaniacs with soiled Roman collars, slurring their Office and failing in their pastoral responsibilities at moments of crisis, it is not a phenomenon that the faithful – or, indeed, unbelievers – are generally most conscious of. There may be lots of bad priests, there are priests of all sorts and conditions, but frankly, there are not all that amount of spoiled ones about. They only make the stir they do because we are living in a secular and theologically ill-educated society in which religion is deemed 'interesting' instead of being a part of the accepted pattern of life.

Failing to see much of the priesthood during their actual lives, many people draw on their experience of them in fiction – generally a misleading thing to do. Mr Seán O'Fáolain, by no means an unpractised hand at a clerical portrait, believes that there have been only two successful novels about priests ever written. The priest, he tells us (in his book, *The Irish*),

> is elusively two-fold. His secret is that of all the arcane professions. It is impossible to isolate, in any one of his acts, his personal from his professional elements. . . .

'All this,' he goes on, 'puts the priest in a doubtless troubling relationship to himself.' While none of us would deny that Rolfe was in the most deeply troubling relationship to himself and to everyone else for the whole 53 years of his life, it was not through this kind of division in his nature. He was no Tartuffe, no Abbé Guitrel even. For the essence of a Tartuffe is precisely that debased conflation of the personal and professional elements that Browning captured so wonderfully in *Sludge the Medium* and which the world takes, so often quite wrongly, for hypocrisy.

Rolfe was no hypocrite. He was an actor, a Nonconformist-born provincial and romantic, tormented by his lack of a role, a sad *farceur* who ranged himself among the Colonnas and the Caëtani and pretended to aristocratic gout ('Oh, that beastly grandfather of mine!'); he affected astrology, mediumistic abilities and Greek scholarship and hinted that Kaiser Wilhelm was his godfather. Half the horror of Rolfe's life – and its accompanying virtue, his pathetic and gallant attempt to live up to a self-taught conception of honour, *terribilità*, and esteem (in his beloved Italian sense of the last word) – sprang from the fact that he was a *déraciné* and a homosexual in an age of grand taboo. He was almost entirely self-educated and, although he was an admirable schoolmaster for much of his early life, he lacked the money, the background and the connections to sublimate his feelings successfully. In this he differed from men like William (Johnson) Cory, Oscar Browning, A. C. Benson and the rest of the Eton-and-King's lilies who were such a lush feature of the period. While these three drove their feelings underground on Agar's Plough, Rolfe – totally unarmoured and with ten times more temperament – was forced to turn his nature inward against himself and all who befriended him. 'To the window, boys!' cried Johnson, the life-civilian Mr Chips, as the Guards swung down Eton High Street, 'it is the British Army!' Poor Rolfe, bent on forging a personal Catholic myth for himself, could only lecture the Grantham Grammar School boys on the morals of Luther – and court the inevitable rocket. The fact that it was A. C. Benson who warned his brother, Robert Hugh, against Rolfe and so probably lost him his chance of financial security and of rehabilitating himself with the British Catholics is one of the class ironies of English literary history. The result of it all, over years of poverty and neglect, was to land Rolfe in the throttle-grip of that paranoia from which only death could release him.

Rolfe is no Pateresque craftsman. The chalcedony and gonfalons that decorate a book like *Don Tarquinio*, for instance, may be left to those who admire them. Admittedly, in *The Desire and Pursuit*, he does achieve, out of his sensuous and semi-sexual love of Venice, a genuine descriptive style of a high order – something remarkably like the writing of that other, happier, wanderer, Norman Douglas (what a difference a sanguine temperament and those few extra pounds could make!). But Rolfe's real interest for us as an artist is that he is a supreme master of vituperation. Who, having read *The Desire and Pursuit*, can forget those immense sprawling caricatures of the men and women whom Rolfe's mad brain had twisted into the enemies of a lifetime? What a set of *graffiti* they make, Lady Pash (Lady Layard), Newton Mactavish (Horatio Brown), the Wardens (Canon and Mrs Ragg), Caliban (Pirie-Gordon) and the 'obese, magenta colonel of Milita' Sir Owen Thomas, MP). In this book we can watch Rolfe dancing a devil-jig on the faces of his benefactors. Mgr Benson, the only one of his friends who can be said to have behaved, if not dishonourably, at least shabbily toward him, receives a drubbing that might have been delivered by Wyndham Lewis:

> The Reverend Bobugo Bonsen was a stuttering little Chrysostom of a priest, with the Cambridge manners of a Vaughan's Dove, the face of the Mad Hatter out of *Alice in Wonderland*, and the figure of an Etonian who insanely neglects to take any pains at all with his temple of the Holy Ghost, but wears paper collars and a black straw alpine hat. As for his mind, it was vastly occupied with efforts to evade what theologians call 'admiratio'. . . .

It takes both fat volumes of Father Martindale's busy Life of the Monsignor to soften this impression.

The most poignant episode in the novel – poignant because it somehow sums up the long agony of Rolfe's life, the malignant, implacable irony that dogged his steps from the beginning – occurs on page 232. Nicholas Crabbe (Rolfe), now almost starving and sleeping the hard Venetian winter out in an open boat, meets the great Lord Hippis (Lord Rosebery) at an evening party –

> 'Do you really sleep out of doors as early in the year as this?' asked the most exquisite and most enchanting man in the world, firm, grave, sleek, plump as a church cat (the cat of Sampolo, for example), marvellously clean and clear and straight of eye, the very finest flower

* *The Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda and Other Stories*. By Fr Rolfe, Baron Corvo. *Nicholas Vane*. 63s.

and quintessence of the last and best which mighty unconquerable England can make of a man.

'I'm as hard as nails, as you see; and the lagoon is delicious,' Crabbe replied. . .

'You have a cabin, or at least an awning of some sort, in your bark?' Lord Hippis inquired.

'No; I just roll up in a cloak, and use my satchel of papers and grub for a pillow.'

'You must be as hard as nails, undoubtedly,' with a quick glance sideways and a tinge of envy.

It is his one close brush with the great; the horrible pay-off comes four pages later:

The rain continued. 'Lord Hippis left yesterday, hum,' said merry magenta Mactavish, the next time when he saw Crabbe; 'and he asked if you slept in your pupparin in this beastly weather'.

'No, I don't,' the crustacean spirted: 'the bark gets water-logged and messy. I really must see about a tarpaulin, or something.'

All his life Rolfe was looking for a tarpaulin – and ripping it to shreds once he'd located it. His novels, the religious pictures he painted, his pathetic attempts at photography, the last dreary pimping letters from Venice ('"T – has all he wants at Falmouth", Hum!') – it was all part of an attempt to scratch a competency from a world in which he was beaten before he began. He never made more than £25 for any one of his writings and he consoled his imagination with the Papacy and with the love of Zildo, the boy gondolier. His life is horrible to contemplate, because it almost seems to raise the question of human predestination. We can only cry, as Symons cried, 'Hail, strange tormented spirit, in whatever hell or heaven has been allotted to your everlasting rest!'

JOHN RAYMOND

Letter

DEAR SIR,

I cannot say I hate your gut
More than you hate mine because it is plain
You are at your limit in not
Bursting towards me and blindly lashing out

Whenever I come in to watch you where
You bustle at your shop-counter,
mince change,
Simper with madames, glare
Suddenly at me speechless when the
shop is clear—

But your neat counter saves us; that
and that high
Resistance conductor—what we exchange
In cash and goods: only eye and eye
Exchange in a flash a stunning headache
blinklessly.

Last night I dreamed: a moon-vast meteorite
Had crashed down onto your shop and
split the earth:
I came to, stumbling in ghastly light,
Suddenly you loomed lurching towards
me with unhuman shout—

But how changed! Your body seared black,
your eyes
Crazily, lidlessly staring,
Frightening my hatred with your cries,
Pointing to the desolated horizon
and the swinging skies.

TED HUGHES

Open Verdict

The Montesi Scandal. By WAYLAND YOUNG. *Faber.* 18*s*

On 9 April 1953, soon after 5 p.m. Wilma Montesi, a pretty twenty-one-year-old girl, walked out of her family's flat in Rome. Thirty-six hours later, her body was found on a lonely Mediterranean beach fifteen miles away, without shoes, stockings and suspender-belt, apparently drowned. Those were the only indisputable facts in the Montesi mystery at that time. Four years later, after a paroxysm of popular indignation, an enormous judicial investigation and a couple of trials, those are still the only hard facts in the case. In England a coroner would have brought in an open verdict of 'Found Drowned' in the absence of further evidence; and that would have been an end of the matter. Accident, suicide, manslaughter, or murder? We like to tidy up the causes of sudden death whenever possible; we even allow an 'act of God' at a pinch; but we recognise that life is too short and human beings are too odd for us always to be able to reach a confident conclusion – hence the open verdict. In Italy class-hatred rose sky-high, the Government tottered, the Chief of Police was forced to resign, the Foreign Minister was thrown to the wolves, the Communists almost seized power, innumerable witnesses had to be imprisoned for perjury and three men had to stand in the dock for three months on end, before the public resigned itself grudgingly – and perhaps only temporarily – to the same open verdict.

In his summing-up of the Montesi affair to date Mr Wayland Young (who was the *Observer* correspondent in Rome for many years and should be in a position to judge) asserts that it was not just a meaningless outbreak of mass hysteria amounting to a national disgrace. The case, with its conspicious washing of all sorts of dirty linen out in the open, served as a valuable lightning-conductor to all the animosity that had been brewing up in post-war Italy between the rich and the poor. Better a well-ventilated scandal than a bloody revolution. 'The Affair, the Scandal', he writes, 'is an accepted part of Latin political life', and cites the Dreyfus case in France as a parallel: he might indeed have added the Stavisky exposure. If we accept this comforting hypothesis, the inexplicable death of the unfortunate Montesi girl might be reckoned as a provident 'act of God', for it acted as a heaven-sent safety-valve to preserve the Christian Democrats and their clerical friends from a violent sequel to their long misgovernment of Italy.

Mr Young adopts the admirable method of the *Notable British Trials* for *The Montesi Scandal*. After a preliminary survey of the Italian scene and Italian judicial procedure we are given a detailed, and to a large extent verbatim, report of the proceedings in Court at the two trials, accompanied by an explanatory commentary from an unprejudiced and amused onlooker in the person of Mr Young. The pages are liberally interspersed with press photographs of all the leading participants, many of them illicitly taken in actual Court with tiny German cameras. At the first trial in 1954 (a year after the tragedy) Silvano Muto, a journalist, was charged with publishing falsehoods likely to disturb the public peace. He had printed information from two girls that Wilma Montesi was not the innocent carpenter's daughter she was supposed to be, but had been involved in drugs and orgies at a country club near where the body was found. Muto was defended by a formidable Communist lawyer, who elicited from the girls in the witness-

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box a string of lurid accusations against important people in Roman high society. That trial closed abruptly when Anna Caglio in so many words accused Piero Piccioni, the son of the Foreign Minister, of having killed the Montesi with the connivance of Ugo Montagna, the Caglio's ex-lover. There was a public uproar; and further legal proceedings were suspended in favour of one of those prolonged investigations that can be relied on to slow up the wheels of justice in Latin countries.

The second trial took place at Venice three years later, with Mr Young again in attendance. Piero Piccioni was charged with killing the girl, Montagna with abetting him and Polito, the disgraced head of a branch of the Roman police, with dereliction of duty. The case was tried before one Judge and two Assistant Judges. There was no jury, but the journalists and the public gallery in Court supplied the deficiency. No nonsense about *sub judice* in Italy! During twelve weeks every conceivable witness went into the box, and several inconceivable, such as an astrologer from Rome, a wizard from Milan, and a Fascist friend of Mussolini. Blatant perjury was rampant. Italians believe in *omertà*, a principle that accounts it a positive disgrace to tell the truth whenever one's family or friends are concerned. (The perjured witnesses generally went to prison for one night and recanted next day.) That somewhere along the line someone had tried to hush something up became evident. There was an extremely dubious flavour about that country club. But what was everyone so worried about? The surreptitious doing to death of the Montesi girl? Their own life? Their drug habits? Or their shady deals and false income-tax returns? The one person *not* implicated soon turned out to be Piccioni, who had a cast-iron alibi for the thirty-six mysterious hours of the Montesi's disappearance. And if he didn't kill her, how could Montagna have connived at it? The accused were all three resoundingly acquitted. But the Court and the public quickly found another hare to chase. Wilma's uncle Giuseppe, a personable young man, had cut a poor figure in the box. When asked where *he* had been on the night of 9 April, he gave a false account; and when that was exploded, he produced a second alibi that was equally discredited. When Mr Young wrote his book Giuseppe was under arrest. While this review was being written it was reported that he had been released. Is there to be no Act III in the Montesi drama?

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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CHATTO & WINDUS

Under the Mountain

A Time to Keep. By ANDRÉ CHAMSON. Translated by ERIK DE MAUNY. *Faber.* 30s.

A Time to Keep is an account of its author's early days in the Cevennes, from his birth in 1900 to the outbreak of the First World War. André Chamson is not only a novelist but a man of public affairs: this picture of a provincial society, even from the child's-eye view, does suggest why letters and politics go so readily together in France. At the same time the regional preoccupation of Chamson's books (more ingrained, more traditional than Hardy's, even), the Protestant austerity, the prevailing sense of historical time – all these have their roots in his story. He was born at the junction of two centuries: probably the latest moment at which the ancient world has been able to touch the new. A town child of peasant forebears, he was brought up in Alès, a place at once industrial and medieval – 'a sort of Chicago raised upon old-world foundations'. His paternal grandfather had left the family mountain farm in middle life and had started a factory outside Nimes. Two years later it was destroyed by fire. But the break with the land had been made, and the three sons, at least, did not return.

Writers rarely pass on their gifts to their children, but their parents (Browning's, Tennyson's, for instance) are always worth study; almost invariably they have a strong degree of undirected talent. 'My father,' writes Chamson, 'was like a novelist who leaves all his novels unwritten; but the illusions in which his life was drowned have become the realities of my own existence.' Visionary as he was, his dreams ran to the purchase of biscuit factories, coal-mines (it was a mining district), tracts of African desert to be developed. This last venture was for once not quite a failure. Many years after a buyer had taken the worthless shares for sheer goodwill, the place turned into a flourishing port. Timing was always the trouble, the flaw in this industrious dreamer's plans. It is, indeed, the fatal element in nearly all human catastrophes, whether of politics, finance or love; the appointment is missed, the wrong moment chosen for silence or for speech. Enthusiasm remained, however; it was the elder Chamson's substitute for luck. Paintings were his special passion, though even reproductions, at that time, were hard to come by. It would have pleased him to know that many of his favourite works were one day to be in his son's care when he had charge of the Louvre masterpieces during the Occupation.

Chamson is no Wordsworthian in his view of the infant world. He remembers with alarming clarity, and some mild ironic humour, the arrogance and cowardice, vanity and guile, simplicity, confusions and fears of a spoilt, excitable boy who could feign grief or ill-health at will and frequently did. There were other influences, though, to turn the little savage into a little Chamson. In one sense he was a child of the future, on the threshhold of a golden age, in a golden land; had not France invented the car, the cinema, the aeroplane? And did not Paris wait, with its libraries, theatres and picture-galleries, to welcome all aspiring poets and inventors like himself? Yet landscape and legend encouraged even more his feeling for the past. Old men would talk of battles, of the *camisards*. At the rough primary school, where he went during one of his father's many financial crises, he soon learnt to speak 'like a waggoner who has spent centuries roaming up and down the Roman roads'. The mountains which he saw each day had been crossed by Caesar: he could hardly bear to wait to learn Latin in order to read the account. He attended (since God, too, lived somewhere over the mountain ranges) the prayer assemblies of his Protestant grandmother, a woman of noble and unassailable calm.

> It was during these meetings that, for the first time in my life, I understood the meaning of glory. It was not the glory of Paris . . . but a glory that shone through the centuries, triumphing over injustice . . . victorious by its very humility. I have never left that world of invisible hierarchies which I saw opening before me in my grandmother's drawing-room. I believed then, and I still believe, that a human being is only worth as much as the gifts that have fallen to his share. Everyone carries within himself his own greatness or his own degradation, and nothing can be added to or subtracted from what he must become.

These gifts – above all serenity of spirit and the capacity to make oneself understood – are similar (as he sees them) to those that make the painter and the poet. The illustration of this theme through a diversity of characters gives a peculiarly rich and memorable quality to M. Chamson's tender, sharp and entertaining book.

NAOMI LEWIS

Fish

Living Silver. By BURNS SINGER. *Secker & Warburg.* 25s.

The subject of this excellent book is the fish that surround the British Isles and the skills employed for hunting them. We have had trawlermen before in the documentary films, but that simply means we have seen them in the clichés of the camera and the commentator. Mr Burns Singer makes the documentaries look flat. He has done scientific work in zoology and in the Marine Laboratory at Aberdeen. He is a poet and a critic. He is perpetually alert for words. He has a close, simple, patient style that insinuates the unexpected verb or adjective, and excites the senses of the reader. The fish are the halibut, the hake, the cod, the flat fish, the whiting, the dogfish, and the mask-like skate, the mackerel and the herring. Mr Singer sees them through the eyes of Jan, a Polish refugee of peasant origin, who had been brought to England with other refugees to be trained – against all inherited taste – for trawler-fishing. It was difficult to get British crews at the time because they were fed up with the conditions of their calling here; the young Poles were taught to try it out. At their school in the Orkneys they were put first on to net-making:

> He learned to tie the round knot and the flat knot, to mask the sisal thread with a lint of even diamonds, to bate away the meshes and so to narrow the lint, to crease it back up to its former breadth, to strength the selvedges at the side, to

staple the lint to one rope, to marl it hard to another and even to practise such esoteric delights as regulating the ground rope frequency of the bites of the bolsh on the wings and those at the bunt of the bosom.

Those were fisherman's words. There was no Polish equivalent for them. When proudly Jan finished his first net, the rheumaticky old Scottish instructor walked to the middle and ripped it up with his knife and said: 'Now mend it'. Half a fisherman's life is mending.

Jan sailed first from Aberdeen. The Scottish boats were notoriously old-fashioned, their quarters cramped and dirty. If deep-sea trawling is a form of hunting, depending on cunning and long experience, it is also carried on in a state of brutalised semi-consciousness. The crews work like beasts, are stunned by water, flung about the decks; they are sick, they fall asleep while gutting the catch and go on gutting in their sleep; in the fo'c's'le they exchange obscenities and have a one-word vocabulary. Their living is precarious. Why do they stick to this brutal and dangerous life? Jan came to the conclusion that they went to sea 'for a rest'! A rest from the boredom of home life, the nagging and tidying of women. They might love their homes, but not day after day after day. They were deeply suspicious of any improvements in the conditions of their life at sea; their one object, on shore, was to blew their pay in a few days of orgiastic celebration.

More interesting than the men are the fish, and here Mr Singer brings all the extraordinary information of the marine biologist. The haddock 'slouched', the cod 'sauntered'. The haddock would

> shovel away the topmost layer of sand, uncover the tiny urchins that lived there in their millions, moving so slowly that they hardly seemed to move, and the haddock would soon be munching their delicate calcified skeletons or dissolving them whole in the acids of its stomach. Or, again, the fish would edge over an acre of marine boulders, snatching systematically at the herbage of sedentary worms as they flowered into a field of predatory tentacles. There, too, it dug brittle-stars out of their crevices and gobbled their splintering bodies. Anenomes would be uptorn from rocks and the spawning grounds of the herring grazed down to nudity.

Trawling, seining and ring-netting are described and argued; and so are the economics and marketing of the trade. There is one curious excursion into literary inquiry in the book. The Polish youth, Jan, is scarcely characterised—indeed one of the pleasures is the absence of individual people; they are merely people in a calling and exist simply like voices within earshot—but he is a modest, observant and pondering man. He is puzzled by the case of Conrad. After all Conrad was a land-bred Pole; all the sea-terms he learned were English. In Poland they did not exist. And how peculiar Conrad's sea looked when it was compared with the North Sea and the Greenland seas of the fishermen! Conrad's sea was liable to conveniently dramatic alternations of calm and storm. To Jan, Conrad's oceans were 'emblems for the mystery that obfuscated so much of Polish literature and illuminated the rest of it like lightning. . . . It was not the sea that Conrad was describing but a series of soul-shaking commotions inter-fretted into the peace that passeth all understanding, the peace that is more sinister than any commotion'. One of the minor things that Conrad seemed to him to miss was the omnipresent importance 'of sea birds as weather indicators'. This technical or craft criticism is especially interesting; novelists have never managed to satisfy the practical and expert man.

The pleasure of Mr Burns Singer's book comes from its continual appeal to the senses, from its use of evocative words—'the gargling of machinery', is an example—and from its endless curiosity. Books about trades, sports, callings, vocations rarely emerge from the terms of journalism or the false emphasis of running commentary with character thrown in like lumps. There is no bouncing tone of the microphone, no camera toughness in Mr Singer's exposition; instead it comes out sweetly in a natural and continually inquiring, self-forgetting prose. The book is an object-lesson to any documentary writer.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Horn-Shaving in the Afternoon

The Bulls of Iberia. By ANGUS MACNAB. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

Apart from Hemingway and one or two short books by captivated intellectuals, not much worth reading has been written in English about bull-fighting. Mr Macnab, a New Zealand Scot now settled in Toledo, arrives with a really solid contribution, one that brings the story of tauromachy right up to date and takes you farther behind the scenes than anyone has taken you before.

The Bulls of Iberia is comprehensive and well-organised. It starts from scratch and gives you the historical and geographical (geography is peculiarly important when explaining anything Spanish) background to bulls and bull-breeding. The bull-killing ritual and the development of the technique are described in painstakingly clear

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detail. There is plenty about great toreros of the past, beginning, naturally, with Pedro Romero, the eighteenth-century matadór who killed more than a thousand bulls, most of them *a recibiendo*, while taking the charge. Finally, there are stop-watch accounts written up from notes made on the spot of eight recent corridas. These contain admirably graphic descriptions, unornamented by any of the hysteroid frills you are likely to get from amateur enthusiasts suffering from hyperæsthesia. They are the best pieces of writing in the book; elsewhere Mr Macnab's style, though efficient, is not very charming.

Everyone has their own favourite bull-fighter. Mr Macnab's is Antonio Bienvenida. Not only does he approve of his work, he applauds him for his part in busting the horn-'shaving' racket. This became intensive after the civil war. The extent to which it had spread by the early Fifties will be a revelation to some of our more vociferous tourist *aficionados* who like to treat you to rhapsodies on the deathless courage of the entire art-form and the religious observance of the rules by all concerned. The facts are that the top-ranking matadors, aided and abetted by their managers, had come to a secret cartel among themselves that they would only fight bulls whose horns had been filed and trimmed down. (It was not unknown for them to be further disarmed by purging and sandbagging.) The scandal, which had been fairly widely talked about in knowledgeable bullfighting circles for some time, got a big airing in 1950 when Litri switched to Manolete's old manager, Camará. His former manager, Fernandez, sued him and published his accounts in the press, including a little item of 15,000 pesetas 'for arranging the horns of the bulls fought'. How it all came to light and how Bienvenida courageously defied the horn-shavers and the boycott which they were trying to impose on him makes a curiously intriguing history.

Another revelation probably to English readers is the fatal goring in 1947, at Linares, of Manolete, the outstanding torero of the post-war period, known, because of his brilliant combination of the unorthodox and the ungainly, as 'the Monster'. Why did he not kill that bull when he had everything so nicely lined up, but instead walk over to the barera and return to find the bull out of position? The secret depends on one of those minute technicalities; Manolete had been having trouble with his right hand and had been using until the very last moment a dummy light wooden sword, so as not to tire his hand and wrist muscles.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

New Novels

The Black Cloud. By FRED HOYLE. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Midwich Cuckoos. By JOHN WYNDHAM. *Michael Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Sound of a Distant Horn. By SVEN SVOLPE. *Sheed & Ward.* 15*s.*

All In a Night. By JEAN CAYROL. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Mr Hoyle's novel is about a beast that pastures on the stars, Mr Wyndham's about a brood of changelings planted by sinister magic, at the same hour, in the wombs of all the fertile women of a quiet English village. Both books are, in fact, fairy-tales; but since they are fairy-tales for grown-ups their portents and marvels are made to emerge gradually from a background of crisp, prosaic plausibility. In his early chapters, in which English and American scientists independently discover that a huge gas cloud is bearing, with enormous speed, first on the sun and then on the earth, Mr Hoyle puts across his technical details and his breezy, extrovert astronomers with the assurance, say, of Mr William Cooper. Mr Wyndham's onset to his sinister tale has, similarly, the deceptive cosiness of Miss Agatha Christie at her best. Both writers, in fact, offer us, along with a new gimmick, that old thing, the rattling good story. But they do more than that, they make us think. If there were a group of changeling children on earth, the precursors of a new race of supermen, ought we to let them supplant us? H. G. Wells would have said, yes. Mr Wyndham's hero thinks, no. He blows the changelings up, and himself: 'If you want to keep alive in the jungle, you must live as the jungle does. . . .' But the moral of Mr Hoyle's novel seems to be the opposite. If there were a sentient cloud with a practically god-like intelligence, should we put ourselves under tuition to it, or be glad when it sheered off? 'Do we want to remain big people in a tiny world or to become little people in a vaster world? This is the ultimate climax towards which I have directed my narrative.'

Chris Kingsley, Mr Hoyle's hero, in fact dies of brain-fever, as a result of letting the cloud try to pump its wisdom into him. I wish I were a little more impressed by that wisdom, as translated into our language. It is a little like early Wittgenstein, being mystical about not being mystical: 'The suspicion is that an absolute bar exists to the communication of information relating to the deep problems. It seems as if any intelligence that attempts to pass on such information gets itself swallowed up in space. . . .' But Mr Hoyle has written a really thrilling book. Chris Kingsley, blunt, blurting, single-minded, full of sudden insights and naive cunning, combines the charm of Professor Higgins with that of Lucky Jim. The diagrams and little equations give one the flattering illusion that one has grasped the essence of stellar physics, or of communication theory, without tears. There is, finally, a largeness, generosity, and jollity about the whole spirit of the book that reminds one of the early Wells at his best. Mr Wyndham has written a rather more routine piece of science fiction; but he, too, grips one.

In an odd way, in spite of the horrific happenings they relate, these are two rather cosy books. Mr Hoyle says somewhere in his novel that the deep opposition in our time is between the scientific mind and the literary mind. I am always, indeed, struck by how boyish and cheerful scientists I meet seem, compared to literary men, who are usually subduedly sad. I suppose the ethos of science is to look outwards and confront problems; the ethos of literature is to look inwards and explore mysteries. That is why Mr Hoyle's characters and Mr Wyndham's are two-dimensional, or have no insides; and why their novels divert and excite, but do not trouble one. I wonder what either Mr Hoyle or Mr Wyndham would make of the other two novels on my list. I imagine that Mr Svolpe, in particular, might set their teeth on edge. He is a Swedish Catholic convert, and his novel, set in Paris in an atmosphere of brandy, despair, imminent miracle, mad sanctity, inch-thick local colour, and impending death of the hero from cancer, is an extraordinarily turbid piece of work, with a touch of Dostoevsky in it, a touch of Huysmans, a touch of Bernanos, and, alas, more than a touch of Hall Caine. Melodrama, sentimentality, and a sheer lust for over-writing dog Mr Svolpe's footsteps, and yet his book, with its passages of grotesque comedy and its sudden queer insights, cannot quite be written off. It holds one by its badness as well as its goodness. The naphtha lights cast on the cardboard scenery fantastic shadows that haunt the imagination.

Monsieur Cayrol's short novel, finally, is a work of art. There is a touch in it of the queer, country magic of *Le Grand Meaulnes*. A young man decides to revisit the father who has overshadowed his childhood and loses his way at night in a wood. He spends the night in a house in which the local Don Juan has just died, in which the Don Juan's mistress, a sempstress, is going blind, and in which her daughter, pregnant by a lover, is trying on another girl's wedding-dress. Then we are given glimpses of the hero's unhappy childhood and of the strangely innocent love affair in Paris, which has been his attempt to have this childhood over again. The hero's father forbade joy, because he was perpetually in mourning for the boy's dead mother. In the morning, of course, the dead village Don Juan turns out to be the heavy father. Having all the evidence he needs against his father, the young man, we feel, now forgives him. Out of details that seem inconsequential and sordid Monsieur Cayrol has made, as only the French can, a poetic fable. In comparison with Mr Hoyle's book or Mr Wyndham's, and in comparison also with Mr Svolpe's hardly hidden designs on the non-Catholic reader, Monsieur Cayrol's story might seem trivial and pointless, a story 'about' almost nothing at all. But Monsieur Cayrol's oblique way, the way of art, is, in fact, precisely the way we can communicate about the 'deep problems' without bursting into fragments and vanishing into outer space. The language of art is the language of feeling and it is possibly not 'information', at all, in Mr Hoyle's sense.

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"Hilariously funny". GRAHAM GREENE. 13/6

HEINEMANN

Mrs Dale, BA

Wives Who Went to College. By JUDITH HUBBACK. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book, adorned by a painful picture of an innocent girl graduate approaching a symbolic sink, gives the results of a survey which Mrs Hubback carried out single-handed, and of which she published a shorter account in a PEP broadsheet called *Graduate Wives*. By sending a questionnaire to 2,000 married graduates of British universities, and to a control group of fairly similar married non-graduates, she has tried to discover how far their degree has qualified or disqualified them for married life and how far their talents are being properly used. It is plain at once that this cannot be one of those vast surveys which knock you down by their statistical completeness. Graduates are not the only group of women whose marriage and training are at odds, nor could one investigator question all graduates, nor did all of the 2,000 questioned answer (though 58 per cent of them did, which was twice as good as experienced sociologists led Mrs Hubback to expect). The inquiry therefore stands or falls by its quality, not its extent. A single questioner, if he is acute and sensitive, can frame his questions more subtly than a committee and is certainly much freer to use his brains in interpreting the answers. This is particularly important where, as here, feelings and attitudes are being investigated as well as facts. As for the choice of graduates as guinea-pigs, it is clearly sensible when the pattern of married women's life in general is changing so rapidly to pick on some influential group which to some extent pioneers the problems of the rest.

I do not myself follow Mrs Hubback in thinking that the conflicts of graduate wives are actually more acute than those of other professional married women. I suspect that the habit of authority and the chance to meet varied company are delights quite as difficult to give up, or to combine with marriage, as the pleasures of the intellect. But the great thing about graduates is that they are articulate, and moreover Mrs Hubback, being one herself, has been able to avoid putting them off by bad questions, and to understand their answers sympathetically. Her general discussions of the difficulties involved seem to me extremely good; I cannot remember reading anything on the Woman Question so entirely free from cantankerousness, so resolutely inclusive of the various points of view. She is particularly good on questions where the subjective and objective elements have to be disentangled, such as Tiredness. 'Do you', she asks, '(a) rarely feel overtired? (b) often feel overtired? (c) usually feel overtired?' and calls for the reasons. She then extracts from the answers and other sources a dozen reasons why such women have (a) every, and (b) no right to feel overtired, and observes that the real point is not whether they *should* feel so, but whether they do, since if they do they will take it out of their families and cannot contribute what they should to society. This strictly empirical approach to tiredness, so long a badge of honour in the women's professions, is typical of the book's unusual sanity. I shall not try here to summarise its conclusions, which in any case are cautious, because on their own they might look dogmatic, whereas the point of the book lies in its skill and patience in collecting and relating different strands of opinion. It is certainly well worth reading for anyone puzzled about the balance of women's life, and all the more so for not being propagandist. About the actual figures reached I am sometimes more doubtful; for instance, the conclusion that 21 per cent more graduates than non-graduates would make the same use of their student years if they had them over again seems to rest partly on a difference in the questions put to them, and there are at least two other questions which I couldn't myself answer without being misleading; besides, I doubt whether the 42 per cent who didn't answer are an entirely random sample. You have to keep awake while you read Mrs Hubback, but then she makes it much easier to do so than most sociologists.

MARY SCRUTTON

Kinds of Poetry

Like a Bulwark. By MARIANNE MOORE. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Coast of Barbary. By AUDREY BEECHAM. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Tenants of the House. By DANNIE ABSE. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Hawk in the Rain. By TED HUGHES. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It seems there are innumerable kinds of poetry. Miss Marianne Moore steers us into a zone of calm; Miss Audrey Beecham battles with the waves; Mr Dannie Abse shoulders his way through the ordinary crowd; Mr Ted Hughes lives in the world of the sensuous imagination. There appears to be no link between them, and no way of judging them except by their own laws.

Miss Moore takes us into a place where passion is spent and pure interest springs awake. The

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'lyrical cry' could not raise its voice there, and if it did it would not be an object of interest. Miss Moore's calm is a quality of character, and character can save the poet's eye from excesses and easygoing falsehoods. She has something of the seventeenth- but more of the eighteenth-century poet in her. She is neat, concise and surprising. If Gibbon had written about porcupines, bats, ermines, and sycamores, this, one feels, is how he might have wished to write. He would have been less compressed – Miss Moore hates to waste a word – and very much less allusive: the sudden surprising allusion connects Miss Moore's poetry with that of the seventeenth century.

An apparently trivial subject may throw a light on things, and in Miss Moore's poetry the light is precisely focused. She does not see a heaven in a wild flower, but she sees the flower clearly, along with its individual qualities, which I fancy are to her moral and intellectual qualities. She shows us courage in the tree and intelligence in the porcupine. For her the great qualities are courage and magnanimity. A sense of the moral and intellectual order of the creation, an endless interest in the curious forms in which it is manifested, and a courtesy towards all things: these explain the special delight which her poetry gives. The poems in this latest collection are beautifully wrought. The notes at the end are full of curious information.

Miss Audrey Beecham's poetry is unequal; her vision of life is stronger than her power to convey it. It is a vision of change, love, suffering and death. She can say in the simplest way things that are difficult to express:

> When someone who was there is dead
> He leaves the background against which he was
> Strangely disturbed.

But her remarkable imagination is shown most clearly in the sonnets of *The Twelfth House*. They are like a proclamation of calamitous news to a deaf world:

> They stand as shabby statues to their death,
> As moving monuments which come awake
> At night to rectify some chance mistake
> Made once in history. . . .

This is a kind of poetry which forgets itself in the vision it is expressing.

Mr Dannie Abse's poetry is full of character and is assignable to no literary school. It is skilful, but gives the impression that it has no great opinion of skill. Individuality is what lends it force, and the style is clearly the man, a coincidence which is becoming more and more rare. Technique has no opinions; but an individual voice must have something to say, and Mr Abse's poetry interests as much by what he says as by his way of saying it, which is often rough and ready. In the religious poems he uses allegory in such a natural way that we can read several meanings, each supplementing the others. I fancy that Mr Abse could write a modern *Everyman*.

Mr Ted Hughes is clearly a remarkable poet, and seems to be quite outside the currents of his time. His distinguishing power is sensuous, verbal and imaginative; at his best the three are fused together. His images have an admirable violence. Parrots 'shriek as if they were on fire'. The poet, drowning 'in the drumming ploughland', drags

> Heel after heel from the swallowing of the earth's mouth.

The Jaguar is a better poem than Rilke's much admired *Panther*. The images are so vivid that a symbolic meaning springs from them whether it was intended to be there or not. Out of hawks and jaguars in their cages and macaws and winds Mr Hughes creates a world. The war poems at the end are very fine but the more sophisticated pieces are not nearly so good. A most surprising first book, and it leaves no doubt about Mr Hughes's powers.

EDWIN MUIR

The Great Insurance Bill

Lloyd George's Ambulance Wagon: The Memoirs of W. J. Braithwaite. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

This title manages to be both unappetising and obscure, as only a few aged readers are likely to recollect that "Ambulance Wagon" was the term Lloyd George applied to his 1911 Insurance Act, or that W. J. Braithwaite was one of the two civil servants (Lord Bradbury being the other) who helped him put it on the road. Standing alone, these memoirs, which are fortunately based on a conscientiously-kept diary, might well have been found too narrowly personal in their viewpoint to be worth publishing. But, combined with Sir Henry Bunbury's authoritative introduction and explanatory notes, and with an imaginative commentary by Professor Titmuss on the sociological significance of the story, they form a minor treasure-trove for any student of public affairs. They show that the writer was much more than a tireless henchman. He contributed a unique inside knowledge of Friendly Societies, and a firm grasp of financial policy which was just what the Chancellor lacked.

Perhaps the inquiring young should be warned at the start that as a picture of the forging of a great Act of Parliament the account is misleading, and it should best be regarded as an example of the British capacity for muddling through. Here was a measure which was to determine the direction of social progress for years to come, daringly original (it owed much less to Germany than is supposed and nothing to the 1909 Poor Law Commission, whose reports Lloyd George hadn't even read) yet none of the essential facts or figures had been collected when Braithwaite was launched on his gruelling task. It is only fair to say that this dangerous flurry seems to have been due less to Lloyd George's Celtic temperament than to his soundly-based sense of the urgency of the situation. Braithwaite never doubted that he was genuinely afire with a determination to relieve the miseries of the poor while the public was in a reforming mood and before Germany's winged chariot, to which his ear was acutely attuned, could overtake him. These frank but rather artless pages (for Braithwaite was no Pepys) show the Goat, as the civil service called him, at the top of his form, keeping his exhausted staff up all night to write reports and then refusing to look at them, changing major policy at the last moment, committing himself to a momentous decision in answer to a heckler at a public meeting, bewitching hostile deputations by his charm and argumentative skill. Yet Braithwaite could write after months of close contact, 'I am more and more impressed with the Chancellor's curious genius, his capacity to listen, judge if a thing is practicable, deal with the immediate point, deferring all unnecessary decision till he sees what is really best.'

The famous negotiations with the doctors play a curiously small part in this story, considering their importance in the scheme. Braithwaite actually wanted to put them back into the control of the Friendly Societies. Oddly enough, no one except the Webbs (and they objected to free choice of doctor) appeared at all concerned with the *quality* of the medical services being organised for the poor.

One would like to have ended this story of a magnificent achievement by a remarkable band of public servants with Lloyd George's shining armour untarnished, and Braithwaite crowned with the modest laurels he had well earned. Unfortunately he was remorselessly shelved by the legendary Sir Robert Morant, first chairman of the English Insurance Commission, and passed into obscurity a justly aggrieved man. This was in accord with Morant's known pattern of behaviour but it is more extraordinary that the Chancellor and the head of Braithwaite's department, Sir Robert Chalmers, should concur in this shabby treatment, which they could have remedied by a flick of the finger.

It would be wrong to neglect Professor Titmuss's invaluable comments on the significance of these ancient controversies between the Webbs, Lloyd George, and other social reformers

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of the day. The principles were of great importance then and they are of importance still. He shows that Lloyd George regarded insurance only as a temporary expedient in 1911, though a necessary and valuable one, and he queries, with a wealth of pertinent illustration, whether it has not outlived its time as an instrument of social welfare in a world so greatly changed.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Gramophone Records

I SOMETIMES wonder if the demand for flawless performances on record cannot be carried too far. Of course a small error of intonation that in an opera house causes no more than a momentary displeasure can become really upsetting when heard frequently on disc. The only method of obviating small failings of this sort is to record in small snatches that are repeated until they are flawless. But at any rate in opera something essential often gets lost. Some recent recordings taste of the laboratory rather than of life. It was a lack of human smells that I found enervating in Karajan's technically superb *Falstaff*, and conversely it is a feeling of dramatic immediacy that draws me to a three-disc Supraphon recording of a performance by the Prague National Theatre of Janacek's *Jenufa*. Technically this is no more than fair. The voices sound more comfortable with a treble cut that damps the orchestral sound and deprives it of presence. But this seems of small moment in the face of a performance as exciting and stylistically authentic as this. The singing is good and there are powerful performances by Martha Krasova, Stephanka Jelinkova and that fine tenor, Benno Blachut.

I wish that I could write with equal enthusiasm about a two-disc Philips recording of Janacek's last opera *From a House of the Dead*. This is based on Dostoevsky and it has a frightening truthfulness and almost unendurable intensity, relieved only by the composer's huge compassion for a world of suffering. I am so glad to have it on disc that I shall not quibble about an indifferent recording. But the performance (in German) of the Netherlands Opera cannot be passed over in silence. The orchestral playing under Alexander Krannhals is good, but the singing, or rather the barking and shouting, is both ugly and unidiomatic. It is well known that Janacek's vocal style derives from the inflections of speech. But from speech Janacek derived *melody* to be sung and not declaimed. The Czech performance of *Jenufa* serves as a model in this respect.

After the restoration of a break in the trade agreements between this country and Czechoslovakia, Supraphon discs are once more available and their list is worth attention as it contains some interesting music not otherwise available. Although they are better in quality and finish than those Supraphon discs which I have bought in eastern European countries not enjoying the fruits of competition between recording companies, they remain somewhat below what we have become used to here. None the less a recording of Janacek's fascinating *Slavonic Mass* by the Brno Radio Orchestra and Moravian Choirs under Bretislav Bakala is quite passable, and it certainly would not prevent me from buying so fervent a performance of this masterpiece.

Other Supraphon recordings such as of Smetana's *Ma Vlast* and the Dvorak Piano Concerto, both played by the Czech Philharmonic under Talich, run into competition from equally authentic performances by the many excellent Czech refugee musicians in the west. Here recording is clearly a factor, and in any case I prefer as performances Kubelik's *Ma Vlast* on Mercury and Firkusny's and Szell's Piano Concerto on a ten-inch Philips. The Czech orchestra has rich string tone even if the woodwind goes through decidedly murky moments. Their spirited performance under Karel Sejna of Dvorak's Sixth (or First on the old counting) Symphony in D major has no competitor and is worth attention. Kubelik has also recorded Dvorak's Second and Fifth (New World) symphonies on Decca. The Vienna Philharmonic always show up well in this music (the Viennese traditionally drew many of their best musicians from Bohemia) and the performances are fresh, ardent and full of beauty of detail. But Kubelik's tempi are sometimes unsteady and the lack of symphonic cohesion is disappointing. Before leaving the field of Czech music I must mention very sound rather than inspired or idiomatic performances of Smetana's Quartet No. 1 in E minor and Borodin's Quartet No. 2 by the Endres Quartet. But the Vox recording is horribly shrill and it carries no scrolls between movements.

I've accumulated a number of recordings of some of the less frequented sidewalks of romanticism which I particularly enjoy. But as there is a good deal of ground to be covered comment must be summary. Mendelssohn's incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is rarely heard in its entirety, is played with a neat, deft touch by the Berlin Philharmonic under Fricsay. Rita Streich sings prettily and the DGG recording is good if a bit tubby. Near to Mendelssohn in general style, but less smooth and more unpredictable, is the little-known Swedish composer, Franz Berwald, whose Second and Third Symphonies are fairly well recorded by DGG. Markevitch and the Berlin Philharmonic give immensely lively, fresh performances. Do listen to the disc if you have a chance. It would be a complete mistake to suppose that Berwald is just a curiosity: these symphonies have an oddly explosive ebullience that is most attractive.

Kletzki and the Israel Philharmonic offer good value on a well-recorded Columbia disc containing both Schumann's First and Fourth symphonies. The First is given a most energetic and persuasive performance, but the Fourth is spoilt by Kletzki's *penchant* for exaggerated tempi. The string playing is especially fine but tends to overwhelm the rather thick woodwind, so that the sound lacks freshness. I must confess to preferring Boult's conception of the Rhenish (Third) Symphony to Toscanini's. The latter's intensity scores in the towering cathedral movement, but elsewhere his handling of the music is too fierce and heavy while Boult's lighter touch is more idiomatic. Neither ten-inch recording is good, but Toscanini on HMV has the services of the fine National Broadcasting Company's Orchestra, whereas on Nixa Boult conducts the 'Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra of London'. On Philips, Walter, Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose and the New York Philharmonic combine in Brahms's Double Concerto. I am the first to complain about soupy Brahms, but Walter really is a bit over-strenuous here. Stern gives an immaculate but detached performance, the New York strings are too brilliant for the music and this is accentuated by the recording. Only Leonard Rose gets near to the intimate lyricism of late Brahms. The disc also contains an ardent account of the Tragic Overture and an acceptable one of the 'Academic Festival Overture'.

Toscanini's *Harold in Italy* stands among the finest things that he has done for the gramophone. The brigands are of course a veritable tornado, but his tender handling of the first movement is most moving and I've never heard the serenade so superbly played. The recording is tight and dry

PENGUINS

from the Continent

André Gide

IF IT DIE

Gide's unorthodox views were a source of endless debate and attack until in 1947 he was awarded a Nobel Prize for Literature and in 1948 an honorary degree at Oxford; *If It Die* is unrivalled as an uninhibited autobiography. It records childhood experiences, the atmosphere of typical French family life, and meetings with great literary figures including Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas in North Africa. 3s 6d

Franz Kafka

THE CASTLE

The Castle, one of the greatest psychological novels of the twentieth century, is, like *The Trial* (already available as a Penguin), part of Kafka's expression of the world where the individual struggles against the mysteriously elusive and anonymous powers of authority. Kafka evokes an atmosphere of nightmare uncertainty by a weirdly illogical sequence of simple events. 3s 6d

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but excellently balanced. Philips has issued a splendid little 45 disc containing the prelude to *Les Troyens à Carthage* (naturally omitted where *The Trojans* is performed in full as at Covent Garden) and the march, both performed by Beecham and the RPO with an amazing sense of Berliozian sonority and line. Note also Beecham's magnificent Corsair Overture coupled with a tremendous account of the *Götterdämmerung* Funeral March on another Philips seven-incher.

An interesting Decca disc contains some of Liszt's much-neglected symphonic poems (*Hamlet, Mazeppa* and *Prometheus*, coupled with the orchestral version of the *Mephisto Waltz No. 1*) performed with admirable verve and precision by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Münchinger. The woodwind playing is particularly distinguished and the recordings are mainly good. There is an almost startlingly lucid account of Strauss's *Don Quixote* by Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra on HMV. Toscanini not only secures marvellously pungent detail and balance (I've never heard such musical sheep) but really finds his way into the work's golden humanity. I still just prefer Krauss on Decca because his closing bars are more moving, he catches an ironical glint in the music and the Vienna Philharmonic add a unique hue to this sort of score. But although rather less spaciously recorded, Toscanini is a very formidable challenger.

Decca has given Bruckner's Fifth Symphony a sumptuous recording and much of the performance by the Vienna Philharmonic is finely done. But Knappertsbusch persists with those beastly Wagnerised versions that deprive Bruckner's orchestration of its individual quality, the scherzo is inexplicably cut and the fourth side of this two-disc affair contains a disappointing *Rheinfahrt* from *Götterdämmerung*. Philips have recently issued two new series of cheap editions. One is of well-known classics, called 'Favourite Music Series', to be recognised by a particularly offensive series of sleeves. But if many of these discs are up to the technical and artistic standard of a prodigiously exciting performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony by Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic they will be good value indeed. I make no apology for including this among the 'less frequented side-walks of romanticism', for the symphonic urgency of this performance is something quite out of the ordinary.

Philips's other cheap series is of reissues of older recordings. Among these is Walter's classic account of Mahler's Fourth Symphony, which sounds surprisingly well considering its age, and Beecham's prolonged and beautifully served lollipop—Goldmark's *Rustic Wedding Symphony*. I cannot claim much for most of this agreeable music, but *Im Garten* holds me in a spell of ecstasy that my austerer friends find shocking. With a treble cut the recording is good. Another Viennese rarity that I approached with interest is Franz Schmidt's Fourth Symphony. This is a long and serious work. It is written with evident technical assurance and integrity of purpose, but suffers badly from a lack of arresting ideas. The performance on Philips by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Rudolf Moralt is suitably conscientious. Worthy but dull.

This is the usual verdict on Reger—and an excellent performance of his *Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Hiller* by the Berlin Philharmonic under van Kempen shows how unjust and ill-founded it is. Van Kempen certainly disposes of the idea that Reger's complex but subtle orchestration is mere soup from the organ-loft and shows what a rich and fascinating score this is. Both performance and DGG recording outclass Keilberth on Telefunken. Nixa have improved the sound of Boult's account of Elgar's Second Symphony and this increases the measure of my preference for it over Barbirolli on HMV. Well accompanied by Barbirolli and the Hallé, Navarra gives a deeply felt performance of Elgar's Cello Concerto. Unfortunately, this fills the fourth side of a disappointing Pye two-disc recording of the first Symphony and would really be happier on a ten-incher.

A three-disc recording of the complete *Swan Lake* by Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra is also spoilt by a strident and over-brilliant recording of which Mercury seem curiously proud. But if this and the conductor's cool approach deprive the music of its romantic sheen, the performance catches its elegance and *élan*.

Even those with a taste for the massive products of a decaying romanticism are likely to be floored by the characterless turgidity of Rachmaninov's vast choral symphony, *The Bells*. If you must have it, a competent if ill-balanced performance by Ormandy, the Philadelphia Orchestra and good soloists is coupled on Philips with *The Island of the Dead*, an undistinguished tone poem after Boecklin. To end on a happier and more life-enhancing note, Philips have issued loud and brilliant recordings of loud and brilliant performances by Golschmann and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra of Shostakovitch's First Symphony and the suite from Kabalevsky's opera, *Colas Brengnon*. Flashy but alive.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

Competition No. 1439. Set by Scarface

The usual prizes are offered for a descriptive catalogue note of any modern baroque masterpiece—*e.g.*, J.-P. Toit-Leboeuf's *Assumption of Jean Cocteau into the Academy* or Sir Osbert Munning-Frith's *Elevation of Evelyn Waugh to the House of Peers*. Limit 100 words; entries by October 8.

Result of No. 1,436 Set by Brian Hill

The usual prizes are offered for a translation of this poem by Théodore de Banville.

Eh bien! mêle ta vie à la verte forêt!
Escalade la roche aux nobles altitudes.
Respire, et libre enfin des vieilles servitudes,
Fuis les regrets amers que ton coeur savourait.
Dès l'heure éblouissante où le matin paraît,
Marche au hasard; gravis les sentiers les plus rudes.
Va devant toi, baisé par l'air des solitudes,
Comme une biche en pleurs qu'on effarouche rait.

Cueille la fleur agreste au bord du précipice.
Regard l'antre affreux que le lierre tapisse
Et le vol des oiseaux dans les chênes touffus.
Marche et prête l'oreille en tes sauvages courses;
Car tout le bois frémit, plein de rythmes confus,
Et la Muse aux beaux yeux chante dans l'eau des sources.

Report

Some competitors complained that they had been set a hard task, but nearly all rose nobly to the challenge in de Banville's sonnet, thus proving, if proof were needed, that the Muse is not only found in mountain springs. The eighth line was a hurdle at which Adrienne Gascoigne, James Fidgen, Geoffrey Nicholson and others faltered. Good entries, too, came from J. Aiken, John Anderson, Frederick Fuller, Mim and D. L. L. Clarke. Appoline had some effective lines and I must quote one by Jack Edwards:

These brided birds featherstitch the iron oak.

W. L. Lindsay's attractive Scots version has dropped a syllable in line 10, I think; and none of the 'modern dress' efforts by R. A. McKenzie, Ahab and John Thornton quite hit the target.

I suggest that the prize money be divided among the authors of the three entries printed. Close on their heels came H. A. C. Evans, Norman Page, Little Billee, Kenneth S. Kitchin, Apple Tree and Ardie Hutchison.

Come, seek the haven of the greenwood tree.
Mount the tall rock until you touch the sky,
Draw a deep breath and bid the past good-bye,
From old, enslaving bitterness set free.
Rise with the sun, and let the bright dawn see
You striding on, remote from human eye,
Along rough ways where there is none to pry,
Like startled doe that shuns man's company.

Upon the sheer cliff's edge pick the wild bloom,
Gaze long upon the cavern's ivied gloom,
And birds that in the tufted oaks abound;
Go with ears pricked upon your wanderings,
The forest is alive with murmured sound,
And in the rills the dark-eyed goddess sings.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Entwine your life with the green woods. Away!
Surmount the rocks that rise in majesty.
Breathe, and at last from old enslavement free,
Fly the remorse that held your heart in sway.
Before the dazzling advent of the dawn,
Leave at a venture, rugged pathways dare.
Press on before you, kissed by lonely air,
As, were it startled, might a weeping fawn.

Pluck the wild flower from the fringed ravine,
See the dread cavern through the ivy's screen
And flying birds in oak trees bosky-dark.
Move on, and find, who tracks untrodden use,
What rhythms fill nestling woods. And hark?
In welling waters sings the clear-eyed muse.

F. C. C.

Sink, then, your life within the verdant wood!
Explore the rock's noble sublimities.
Breathe, freed at last from ancient slaveries,
And fly regret, the heart's too bitter food.
From break of day with dazzling light endued,
Wander, chance-led; climb paths unknown to ease.
Escape the world, kissed by the wild's cool breeze,
Like some poor hind in tears, by fear pursued.

Cull the blown flower upon the chasm's edge.
Scan the deep cave with ivy-curtained ledge,
The birds that wing amid the oaks' plumed boughs.
And listen on your random wanderings.
For all the wood is stirred with rhythmic soughs,
And in the rills the bright-eyed Muse yet sings.

G. J. BLUNDELL

City Lights

The Dodo That Bit

It was a complete surprise. Despite Mr Wilson's leak-gambit, despite warnings in several newspapers that something unpleasant was on the way, Thursday's announcement came as a tremendous shock to the City. The machinery can handle investment cuts and overdraft restrictions, or at least put up a good show of doing so. It was the increase in Bank rate, itself no more than the conventional accompaniment to the other measures, which paralysed the City until after the week-end. The sudden jump to a rate not seen since 1920 served to magnify the gravity of the crisis and to create uneasy fears about the power of what had lain neglected for so long—as if mother, after years of Sprock, had quietly placed a large stick upon the table. Even

more, it caused an immediate and sharp fall in share prices. There is no doubt that the dodo can bite.

* * *

The commonest first reaction, naturally enough, was to curse the government. The gold reserve must be dropping fast and the government had let itself be panicked into extreme measures which might shake foreign confidence still further. The City held the bank rate increase unnecessary, badly timed, and unconsidered: it was what one could expect from a frightened and foolish administration. But the trick worked, or seemed to work. Mr Thorneycroft read his piece, the Germans patted him on the back, the IMF decided that he was a stout fellow. Sterling gradually began to improve and the City came to life again. People began both to get used to the idea of high interest rates and to think in terms of an early reduction. Stock prices, of equities as well as of fixed-interest issues, began to recover some of the ground they lost last week.

* * *

Doubts are only just beginning to creep in again. Is it conceivable, after all this time, that the government means to be tough? Could it be that relief of the speculative pressure against sterling was only one object of Thursday's measures, and that Mr Thorneycroft—the election date on his mind—means to have it out with inflation once and for all? The recovery in equities is touching evidence of the City's faith in the government's inability to govern, but it may be short-lived. A new credit squeeze now is a very different matter from a credit squeeze two years ago: industry is less flush of funds, profits are falling, the business outlook is far from promising. The new measures could have extremely unpleasant effects if carried far enough, and the Chancellor has spoken of taking them to any lengths he thinks necessary. He has referred to the possibility of a fall in employment. He has told the IMF that 'if inflationary pressures grow inside the economy, other things may alter, other aspects of policy may have to be adjusted, but the strain will not be placed upon the value of the pound sterling'. If he means what he says, we are back to the gold standard: Montagu Norman after all these years will have won his argument with Keynes.

* * *

The important question for the City is not whether the Chancellor means what he says, but whether he knows what he is doing. The outcome of the coming round of wage negotiations will settle whether or not he is to be taken seriously. And there is no doubt that the sort of policies he is pursuing will work: the danger is that they may work all too well. There is already a nasty smell of deflation in the air. The US authorities are prepared to make it nastier for the sake of winning their domestic fight against rising prices. Britain—and sterling, we know, finances half the world's trade—seems ready to ape the Federal Reserve and force banking morality on an unwilling world.

There is, fortunately, one important split in an otherwise sinister alliance. While President Eisenhower and his advisers persist in putting the world's economic troubles down to sin, Britain has begun to talk officially about the dollar gap and the duties of creditor nations and the IMF wants to increase its credit facilities. The world has even been invited to consider whether the economic policies of dollar-happy West Germany and the United States are themselves beyond reproach. Everything is not yet lost.

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The Chess Board

No. 411. The Thrill of Perpetuity

Of all the ways of drawing a game of chess—apart from a draw by agreement which may or may not have its points of interest—the draw by a mere reduction of material is usually the dullest. The stalemate, of course, has its very own and almost uncanny charm, but for sheer thrill there is nothing to compare with the 'perpetual'. It needn't be a perpetual check, it may be any repetition of moves enforced by the inherent and unanswerable logic of the position. What, then, is so thrilling about it? Maybe it's the very idea of perpetuity being as awe-inspiring as anything touching on the infinite. That's what

Dr Faust may have felt when playing Black in this position; not *the* Dr F., incidentally, but a mere contemporary of ours, even though he certainly emulated the wisdom shown by his famous namesake before he found it blunted by the wiles of the devil and the charms of innocent maidenhood. 'A rook and a piece down?', quoth the doctor, 'so what? By . . . Q-K8 ch I'll let him have the other rook too, and then I'll keep on checking him for ever and ever!' Now look at this position achieved by the great Dr Lasker (Black) in a simultaneous display some thirty years ago. /7k/ p6p/ 3p4/ 1p2bpR1/ 2p5/ 2Pr3q/ PP2QR2/ 6K1. After R(2)xP Lasker forced a perpetual by B-checks on h2 and g3, but it was only in the *post mortem*—no, the *post pacem*—that the real fun started. How could the Master have saved himself after R(2)-Kt2 with the threat of mate? Surely . . . P-KR3 was the only move, but wouldn't QxB ch have forced the mate anyway? It would, but Lasker wouldn't have played . . . P-R3; he would have countered (1) R(2)-Kt2 by . . . R-K8 ch!!; (2) QxR, Q-K6 ch still getting a perpetual. Now here, (dug out by Paul Schlensker in *Schach-Echo*), is the crucial position of Capablanca-Bogoljubov, Karlovy Vary, 1929. 2b2rk1/ 2Q3b1/ 1p1R2p1/ 1Pp1p3/ 2P1B1Pq/ 5P2/ 4Kt1K1/ 8/.

A: Stepanek 1957

After (1) . . . BxP! 'Capa', of course, could not take the B on account of mate, so he played (2) RxK-KtP, whereupon 'Bogol' forced the draw very neatly by . . . B-R6 ch; (3) K-Kt1, Q-K8 ch; (4) K-R2, QxKt ch; (5) KxB, RxP ch!; (6) BxR, QxB ch; (7) R-Kt3 (best), Q-R8 ch; (8) K-Kt4, Q-K5 ch; (9) K-R3, Q-R8 ch, etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position from a recent Czech tournament. How did White force the issue by one powerful move? **B** (for 6 ladder-points) is a position concocted by Lasker and Capablanca after a skittle played by them on the way to the St. Petersburg tournament. How can White force the win? **C** (for 7 points) is also a win for White, and quite a beauty too. Usual prizes. Entries by 7 October.

B: Lasker-Capablanca 1914

C: Bondarenko & Kakovin 1954

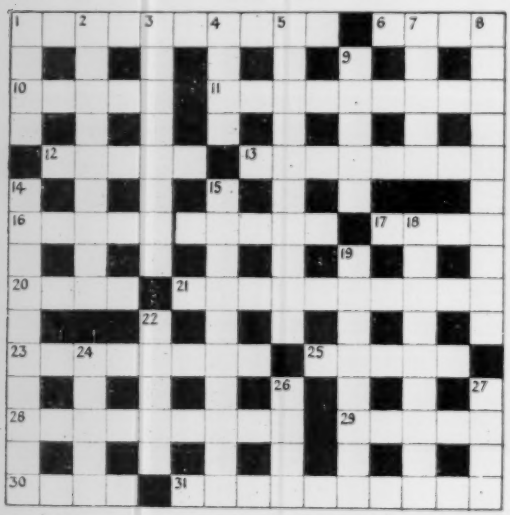
REPORT on No. 407. Set 31 August.

A: (1) Qxl?, R-Kt8 ch; (2) K-B2, R-Kt7 ch! etc.
B: (1) P-Kt6, P—Q (best); (2) P-Kt7, Q-Kt6; (3) Kt-Q5!, QxKt; (4) KtP—Q ch, QxQ; (5) P—Q ch, BxQ stalemate (or the other way round, if (3) . . . BxKt).
C: (1) R-B5 ch, K-Kt3; (2) R-Kt5 ch, K-R3; (3) R-K6!, QxR; (4) R-Kt9 ch etc.
if (1) . . . K-B3; (2) R-B1 ch, K-Q2, (3) R-Q1!, QxR; (4) R-Q5 ch, etc.

C not as easy as it looks, even so quite a few correct solutions. Prizes K. Beaumont, J. R. Harman, A. E. Harris, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sansom. ASSTAC

Week-end Crossword 270

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 270, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 8 Oct.



ACROSS

1. Way in which rivers meet for the Vicar of Bray? (10).
6. Caught by Valentine on the leg? (4).
10. In general if we look back we have everything before us (5).
11. USA routes specially planned for bridal requirements (9).
12. Ancient British child embracing a cross (5).
13. Bestowed a fraction in the reverse half (8).
16. Liberal kind of policy? (5, 5).
17. The desert looks the opposite of a marsh to one (4).
20. Nonsense about the Tory rabble (4).
21. By the grace of God about to pine with love perhaps in growing up (10).
23. Gathers for prayers (8).
25. Born headstrong or impetuous (5).
28. Motor-race button hole? (9).
29. In front of Ray she is ravished (5).
30. Class-conscious craftsman? (4).
31. The destitute up East are in potential despair (10).

DOWN

1. Agency for a loveless poet (4).
2. An MP with a place under a famous street (9).
3. If I joined these mariners twice it would be enough to make sailors die (8).
4. 'Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ——' (Milton) (4).
5. Outrages are an alternative during hostilities (10).
7. Expert who has it roughly taped? (5).
8. Abandoned ones who are universal in their pettings (10).
9. He disappeared on his wedding day and there is apparently no trace (5).
14. Birds which sound like one of the boatmen after a gale (10).
15. Composer who is white with a form of strain (10).
18. Love errands are failures (9).
19. Fishing waters for one's motoring colleague? (8).
22. State of the vote in the middle of meals (5).
24. The god to disappear slowly (5).
26. Break a cold spell (4).
27. Singer who renders a piece of music dead (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 268

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DEATH

SIM.—On September 21, 1957 at a nursing home near London. Margaret Buyers, widow of George Gall Sim, C.S.I., C.I.E., I.C.S. Service at Springbank Cemetery, Aberdeen on Friday, September 27 at noon.

PERSONAL

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£250 Romantic Novel Contest. Closing date August 31, 1958. For further details please apply to the Fiction Editor, Ward, Lock & Co., Limited, 143 Piccadilly, London, W.1. Tel.: HYDe Park 9651.

WANTED to contact individuals/group near Reading, interested care maladjusted children. Box 5481.

RETIRED teacher, husband wish spend spring months Italy. Cheap room essential. Advice sought exper. person. Box 5473.

BASEMENT flatlet partly furnished, including bath, w.c., electric cooker, available December 1, in return domestic services, small household. Long arrangement only considered. HAMpstead 9297, 8 a.m. only.

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LESLIE Thompson, Psychotherapist, has a few immediate vacancies. 91, Frognal, N.W.3. HAM. 8796.

EMBRYO Osbornes invited to submit MSS for judging by Peter Hall, George Devine, Joan Miller in Tavistock Rep. new play comp. Details: NS/Tower Theatre, London, N.1.

PROGRESSIVE couple req. domestic help, wife convalescent but not invalid, children 9, 7 & 4. Live as family, small modern house. Lamb, The Rock, Heisby, nr. Chester.

STUDENT, young lady, seeks acc. in congenial family, Hampstead, for help in home. Box 5322.

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LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research all kinds. Terms mod. Box 5304.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W.1. Booklet sent. Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now avail. 1s. post free. Gynometer Advisory Centre (CU), 16 Ingestre Place, W.1.

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BSEMNT. flat, W.1 5 yr. lease. Low rent & price carpet & fittings. Box 5393.

FURN. bedroom, h. & c. Ckg. facs. Crouch End. FITzroy 0773.

ONE newly dec. well-furn. single bed-sit. rm. c.h., all conv., ckg. facs. Well connected. 'Phone MAI 8796 after 6.30 p.m.

SINGLE bedroom, h. & c. use kitchen, bathroom. Gents Flat. S.W.11. Quiet Rd. Suit Student. 30s. p.w. incl. Box 5402.

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PUTNEY Hill, large room in modern flat to let: share k. & b. with one other, f. only. Box 5311.

FOREST Hill. B.-sit. 2 div. and kit. din. £3 incl. C.h.w. light. No lin., crock. Ladies. Tel. FOR. 1231 after 6.

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FLAT wanted, Richmond, Kew, for 10-12 months, for Israeli scientist, wife, 2 children. 'Phone evenings PARk 3693.

2/3 Bedr. unfurn. flat or small house London wanted by fam. (3 persons) Norwegian Govt. official for 2 years from end October. Box No. 5350.

PROFESSIONAL writer, m., (32), seeks small, centrally-situated flat; or would consider sharing larger flat with person genuine artistic interests, (not highbrow) from mid-October. Box 5458.

BED-sitting room wanted, use kitchen and bath (f., 20s.), W.2, 11 or 14. Considerate tenant. Away most weekends. Box 5483.

UNFURN. flat reqd. by married couple. No children. Anywhere London. Box 5470.

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WHETHER your stay be long or short, visit Polmark Hotel this winter. Superb food from own farm. Special diets welcomed. Despite mild sunny winters, we insist on warmth & every comfort. Bridge. Television. Club bar. Special terms for long stay. On bus route, near shops. Brochure. Harlyn Bay, Padstow, Cornwall.

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DAVOS, centre of Winter sports, offers lovely holidays. Privat-Hotel Meisser, Davos-Dorf, Switzerland, in very centre of the sport places offers comf. accom., delicious food. Special reduced terms Jan. 6 to Feb. 8.

MAJORCA: English lady welcomes P.G.s. £4 p.w. inclusive. Box 5479.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the following posts:—

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Chair of Mathematics	Pietermaritzburg or Durban
Senior Lectureships:	
(i) Accounting and Auditing.	Pietermaritzburg
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(iii) Economics.	Durban
(iv) Fine Arts.	Pietermaritzburg
(v) Mechanical Engineering.	Durban
Lectureships:	
(i) Classics.	Pietermaritzburg
(ii) Economics.	Pietermaritzburg or Durban
(iii) Geography.	Pietermaritzburg
(iv) Geography and Geology.	Pietermaritzburg
(v) Mathematics (two posts).	Durban
(vi) Mechanical Engineering.	Durban
(vii) Physics.	Pietermaritzburg
(viii) Experimental Psychology.	Pietermaritzburg
(ix) Zoology.	Pietermaritzburg

The salary scales attached to the above posts are as follows:—
Professor £1,400 × £50—£1,600 (× £50—£2,000) p.a.
Senior Lecturer £1,050 × £50—£1,400 (× £50—£1,600) p.a.
Lecturer £800 × £50—£1,050 (× £50—£1,200) p.a.
The bracketed portion of the salary scales shown above is not taken into account for purposes of contribution to the University Institutions' Provident Fund.
In addition to the salary scales indicated, a temporary cost of living allowance of £234 per annum will be paid to married men only.
Application forms and further particulars of the posts are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.
The closing date for the receipt of applications, in South Africa and London is October 31, 1957.

FOREIGN Office: New Research Cadre. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for up to two posts of Research Assistant, Grade I, up to five posts each in Grade II and Grade III. The posts in Grades I and II are permanent and pensionable; those in Grade III are for a period of two years with a possibility of later establishment. The duties of the posts are to study and collate information about the historical background of foreign countries and current developments in them. There will be a possibility of some periods of service abroad. Candidates for Grade I and II posts must be at least 28 years of age on August 1, 1957, and for Grade III posts at least 23 on the same date. They must have obtained a University degree with a second class honours. For some posts a reading knowledge of Russian, Arabic, Chinese or a Slavonic language is essential. A knowledge of other languages and of the peoples and institutions in, e.g., Middle East, South East Asia and Japan, China, Soviet Union, and Eastern Europe, is desirable. For Grade I and II posts candidates must give evidence of scholarship, e.g., by the production of published work or proof of continuous and successful research experience over a period of years. Salary scales: Grade I, £1,635 to £1,845; Grade II, £1,055 to £1,530; Grade III ranging from £565 at age 23 to £625 at age 25 or over and rising to £1,000. The women's scales are somewhat lower but are being improved to reach equality with men's scales by January, 1961. These salary scales are subject to an increase of the order of 5 per cent. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting 4759/57. Completed application forms should be returned by October 11, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Oriental Studies. The successful applicant will be required to teach Modern Chinese and or Classical Chinese and a knowledge of Japanese would be regarded as an additional qualification. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200—£80—£1,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is at present under revision.) The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male appointee. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Australia and London, is November 2, 1957.

ADULT Education Group offers short-term work (mainly domestic or office): write Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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Applications are invited from qualified Men or Women for the post of full-time Club Leader as under:—

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Mixed Youth Club catering primarily for boys and girls of 15 to 20 years of age.

A recognised Diploma or Certificate of Training, together with practical experience in Mixed Youth Clubs is essential. Salary, Men, £560 × £25—£750, Women, £460 × £20—£680 (plus equal pay increments), plus London Allowance.

Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, to be returned within fourteen days of appearance of advertisement.

ART EDITOR'S ASSISTANT

wanted by publishers producing quality books in colour. Should be a neat and accurate worker with some art school (preferably basic design) training.

Reply to Box 4399.

AIR Ministry: Translator in Russian. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a post in London. Appointment will be temporary in the first instance, but with prospects of a permanent and pensionable post. Age at least 21 on 1st September, 1957. Candidates must normally have at least second class Honours degree in Russian and a thorough practical knowledge of that language. Exceptionally candidates without the academic qualification may be admitted if they have the required command of Russian and English. A high standard of written English is essential. A knowledge of another Slav language, preferably Polish, will be an advantage. Starting salary £485 (at 21) up to £625 (women £605) at 25 or over. Man's maximum £1,000. Women's pay above £485 lower at present, but being improved each year until equality with men's scale is reached by 1961. These scales are now subject to an increase of the order of 5 per cent. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4766/57. Completed application forms should be returned by October 15, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of Adelaide. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in Applied Mathematics. The appointment could date from January 1, 1958, but the University is willing to consider applications from candidates who would not be able to assume duty until the middle of the year or later. Salary Scale: £A1,200—80(70)—£A1,750, per annum, with superannuation provision on the F.S.S.U. basis. The initial salary will be fixed in accordance with qualifications and experience. General terms of appointment, including particulars of the information to be supplied by candidates may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, or from the Registrar. Applications in duplicate should be lodged with the Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than Nov. 15, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History. Preference will be given to a candidate who has qualifications in the modern history of China, Japan or South-East Asia, but the successful applicant is likely to be required to undertake some teaching in other historical subjects. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200 × 80—£A1,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women), and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The current scale of salaries is at present under revision. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male appointee. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is November 2, 1957.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Economics. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum rising to £1,275 by three annual increments. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand & London, is Oct. 31, 1957.

EDUCATED young women (22 up) for interesting secretarial posts in Victoria and City areas. Commencing salaries £9 10s. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1, & 2 Broad St. Place, E.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RESIDENT mistress required immediately for expanding recently established English school Caracas, Venezuela. General subjects including mathematics to boys and girls to 14 yrs., various nationalities. Challenging post requiring sound health, adaptability and pioneering spirit. Usual fare, contract arrangements. Interview headmistress London soon as possible. Write Box 5212.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Applications invited for the post of Senior Children's Visitor (male or female). Applicants should hold a social science degree or diploma and or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, and should have had extensive casework experience. The officer appointed will be responsible for supervising casework in an area of the city. Salary in accordance with the new National Grade A.P.T. II (£725—£845). This vacancy arises through the appointment of the present holder to the Home Office Inspectorate. Further particulars from the Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. P.O. Box 93. Closing date for applications—October 31, 1957.

THE National Association for Mental Health, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middx. (Approved School for Senior Girls). Applications are invited for the post of a full time Psychiatric Social Worker at the above school, which accepts girls of good intelligence who are in need of psychiatric treatment. Clinical experience is essential. Experience of social work with adolescent girls and interest in research an advantage. Salary within the scale £585 × £25—£810. Post becomes vacant on December 1 and may be resident if desired. (Board/lodging deduction £116 p.a.) Letters of application to the Correspondent, Duncroft, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

BRENTWOOD Recuperative Centre for mothers and children, needs an assistant. Previous experience in social work not essential but applicant must be interested in work with problem families. Good accommodation. Further particulars from: The Warden, Brentwood, Marple, Cheshire.

THE Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2. Certificated Almoner (as assistant) required. Whitley Council scale and conditions. Applications with references or names of referees to Group Secretary.

MATRON for boy & girl boarders wanted September, experienced, capable and kind. Interesting educational work. Good salary. Box 4568.

FAMILY Service Units require Assistant Secretary, man or woman, for National Headquarters, to take charge of the administrative work of the Organisation, including finance. Knowledge of Social Work and responsible administrative experience essential. Starting salary within the range £625—£850 according to qualifications. Further particulars from the Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

SOCIAL or Administrative worker, male or female, required for Jewish organisation. Knowledge of German desirable. Reply with full particulars to Box 5423.

MATRONS and assistant Matrons required for Jewish Homes for the Aged in London. Knowledge of German desirable. Reply with full particulars to Box 5424.

PIONEER Job. Man or woman wanted to undertake a social experiment for adolescents in an industrial area in Yorkshire. Three-year term. Salary £750 with increments. Apply Box 5376.

HOUSE parents required, adolescent Spastic Centre, congenial surroundings, full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd., Croydon.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureaux. Staff required for Central London. Training given, three months of which is on unpaid basis. Salary when trained £470 × £15 to £560. Candidates should have Social Science qualifications. Apply in writing, C.A.B. Liaison Officer, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

SOCIAL Welfare Officer required to develop social and recreational activities for the mining communities in the Kent Coalfield embracing four large collieries with 7,000 men. Organising and administrative ability required. Salary range £925 to £1,175 p.a. Superannuation Scheme. Applications in writing to Joint Honorary Secretaries, Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation, 1/3 Waterloo Crescent, Dover, Kent, before October 10.

FAMILY Caseworker qualified and experienced, woman: A.G. P.C.W. scale according to experience. Application in writing giving full details and names of two referees to General Secretary, Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

YOUNG male graduate teacher required to take foreign students to Cambridge Proficiency level. English Literature essential. Apply to Box 5441.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PERSONAL Assistant to Mistress Senior Partner Design Research Unit wanted November. Graduate or equivalent standard education, with general interest in architecture/industrial design. Able conduct correspondence, prepare reports, write minutes, take administrative responsibility. Age 27-40. Typing and several years' experience essential, shorthand an advantage. Write Business Manager, Design Research Unit, 37 Park Street, London, W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE Officer required by Royal Institute of Public Administration to help generally in Institute's work and to assist particularly with production of quarterly journal and other publications. Must be able to work as a member of a small team of assistants to Director and to take personal responsibility. Essential qualifications are sound judgment, analytical mind, aptitude for detail, and interest in problems and methods of public administration. Graduate between 25 and 35 preferred; public service experience an advantage. Starting pay, according qualifications, range £650-£800. Pension scheme. Details of education, career and qualifications to the Director, 76a New Cavendish St., London, W.1, by October 11.

ASSISTANT Organiser required for Children's Clubs on new housing estates in London. Applicants should have experience of working with children and adults. Appointment for one year with possibility of renewal. Full particulars and application forms from Secretary, Junior Clubs, S.C.F., 12 Upper Belgrave St., S.W.1.

MID-Beds Constituency Labour party invites applications for the post of full-time Secretary-Agent. The Appointment to be made in consultation with the Nat. Exec. Committee. Salary in accordance with National Agreement. Housing accommodation will be available. Application forms from the National Agent, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, to whom they should be returned not later than October 31st.

ESSEX, Friends School, Saffron Walden, a co-educational boarding school under the management of the Society of Friends. Required, at once, for at least one term, a master or mistress to help with the Mathematics Teaching. Applications immediately to the Headmaster.

MARKS & Spencer Limited invite applications from women between the age of 25 and 35 for Staff Management in their larger stores. These are senior posts with progressive salaries. Candidates should preferably have had experience in managing staff. Commencing salary for the introductory period would vary according to age and experience but would not be less than £500 p.a. Please write in the first place for further particulars and application form to the Appointments Section, 82 Baker Street, London, W.1, marking the envelope "S.M."

SMALL engineering business in London West End requires services of young man, preferably 20-25 years. No qualifications needed except knowledge of basic mathematics and engineering principles. Essentials: sense of humour, energy, tact, initiative, agreeable personality, civilised outlook. Office-beat type quite acceptable if prepared to be on-beat when necessary for tactical reasons. Box 5415.

SLUMBOUND and Spartan in success, director of gramophone record company seeks assistant to take over art work, printing control, copy writing and such. Glamourless but fascinating. Phone Mr. Shaw: at LAD. 6651.

COMPAN. housekeeper (Jewish) reqd. London shopkeeper's household. Box 5244.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2/6 Beaumont Street, W.1. Shorthand/typist reqd. immediately. Knowledge of Psychiatric Medical Terms an advantage. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £414 to £468 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £543 p.a. For interview, telephone CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

SECRETARY 18-25, required for Institute of Technical Education. Sal. £10. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

TRANSLATORS required, commercial, technical, medical. Box 5475.

FAMILY Caseworker required two days a week. Experience in welfare work essential. Salary £130 p.a. Person living in S.E. London preferred. Applications to: The Secretary, Woolwich Council of Social Service, 71 Rectory Place, London, S.E.18.

B.B.C. requires typist in its Persian Service. Neat, accurate (but not high speed) Persian typing essential. Post involves large amount of routine work on Persian Publicity and demands accuracy and concentration. Starting salary according to qualifications on a grade with maximum £9 14s. plus 10s Language Allowance. Applications, quoting reference SC 394 N.Stm., should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week.

PART-TIME assistant lady secretary (about 21-30) required. The Regent Institute, 9 Palace Gate, London, W.8.

SHORTHAND-typist for Women's Organisation. 5 day week. Salary according to experience. Apply General Secretary, Women Public Health Officers' Association, 36 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. (VIC. 9523).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FRENSHAM Heights, Farnham, Surrey (co-educational boarding school). Required January, resident teacher for French throughout Senior School to A and S level, Burnham Scale. Apply Headmaster.

PART-Time Secretary required for one or two days weekly. Must be competent worker, able to take charge of small office if necessary, and to act as holiday relief worker. Applications at once to the General Secretary, Actors' Orphanage Fund, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1, giving details of education and experience, and names and addresses of two referees.

INTERNATIONAL Jewish Welfare Organisation requires Administrative Assistant with Shorthand Typing qualifications for interesting post in Teheran Office. Must have considerable experience and ability manage office and staff. Salary £770 per annum plus living cost allowance. Box 5238.

SECRETARY shorthand typist for editor of professional journal. Interesting post. Salary according to qualifications and experience Central London area. Five day week. Canteen. Superannuation. Ring Mrs. Barnett, HOL. 8967.

SECRETARY required by London sociologist. Opportunity assistance with research on social services. Box 5440.

EXPERIENCED and efficient school secretary reqd. Sept. Vacancy owing to illness. Recogn. School, N.W. Lond. Box 4847.

SECRETARY Shthd. typist reqd. by Market Research firm, S.W. Int. post respon. person. 9.30-5.30. No Sats. £9 wkly. Box 5365.

SECRETARY for Director, famous Mayfair restaurant. Perfect French/English. High sal. Railton Agency, MAYfair 0928.

SECRETARY (part-time) required for Architect's small Baker Street office. Write, giving age, salary and experience, to Box 5359.

PROGRESSIVE couple req. domestic help, wife convalescent but not invalid, children 9, 7 & 4. Live as family, small modern house. Lamb, The Rock, Helsby, nr. Chester.

THE Council of Industrial Design requires a Senior Promotion Officer to take charge of general promotion, publicity and advertising. A good education, interest in design, ability to write and speak and relevant experience essential. Some commercial experience preferred. Starting salary not less than £1,500 for a fully experienced candidate. Pensionable. Age approximately 30-40. Write to The Establishment Officer, 28 Haymarket, S.W.1, for further details and application form.

THE Council of Industrial Design requires an Industrial Liaison Officer to cover a group of manufacturing industries and to assist in promoting the Council's object of raising the standard of industrial design through The Design Centre and by other means. About a quarter of the time is spent visiting manufacturers in industrial areas. Experience of the design of consumer goods with an engineering basis essential. Age 28-45. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience in the scale £900-£1,200 or £1,200-£1,500. Pension Scheme. Application forms, to be returned within a fortnight of this advertisement, obtainable with further details from The Establishment Officer, 28 Haymarket, S.W.1.

HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

WE now offer attractive well-paid temporary jobs by the week or part-time in all the best districts. Let us help you to choose the one that suits you. Wigmore Secretarial Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days a week or longer. Details, Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

HOLIDAY Relief Work available now in London for Shorthand Typists £8 10s. Copy Typists £7 10s. 30 hour week, no Sats. Longer hours—more pay. Duttons Secretarial Serv., 92 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. MUS 7379.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG lady, tri-lingual (Eng., Spanish & Hebrew) able to type, good literary educ. with knowledge of several other langs. Reqs. suitable posn. in London. Box 5303.

WOMAN Graduate (history), knowledge of languages, experienced organiser and administrator, is looking for opening in the book or publishing trade, or other responsible job in London. Box 5298.

EXPD secy. own typewriter, exc. Italian seek; evening work. Anything considered. Box 5313.

LADY, 40, Social Science Diploma; experienced secretarial, committees, personnel management; large & small staffs; welfare; seeks post pref. non-commercial where energy, initiative & responsibility expected. Within travelling dist. Richmond. Box 5334.

YNG. Woman, trained, exper., seeks, post Hse. mother, sch. mal. children. Pref. small groups. Box 5181.

CAPABLE sec., journalistic exper., wants intg. post; pref. resident. Box No. 5348.

A WELL-educated Indian student (f.) seeks evening/weekend employment. No shorthand. Box 5346.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MALE, 35, artist, writer, creative outlet desired. Past ser. disability, now fit. Reliable, energetic, organising ability. Box 5471.

YOUNG Lady (19), graduate Sec. coll., fluent French & German (also S/T), holding diplomas London & French Chambers of Commerce, seeks position as secretary/correspondent where English, French, German required. Box 5438.

MAN, 23, highly intelligent, seeks stimulating work. Box 5496.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11, Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27gns.; weekly boarders, 30gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

KING Alfred School (F.1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, N.W.11.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18 Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

NEW School, Kings Langley, Herts (Co-ed. day and boarding). Based on Steiner methods, avoiding early specialisation. Nursery ages, 3-6. Lower school, 6-14. Upper school, 14-18. G.C.E. exams. Transport for younger children within 5-mile radius.

ODAM Hill School, Romansleigh, South Molton, for boys and girls interested in farming and country pursuits. Education to G.C.E.(O) level. A bursary becomes available in January for a girl aged 11-13. Particulars from Secretary.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls, 91-93 Baker Street, W.1. HUNter 0931. Founded 1901.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (SW1. 3319.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A.(Oxon).

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(b) Montessori International Diploma Course. Children 0-6 plus years. Lectures SATURDAYS, October 19, 1957, to July 1958.

Further details from the Organiser.

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 1 Lyall St., S.W.1. SLO. 5114. New courses Oct. 7.

FABIAN Colonial Bureau Weekend—Economic and Social Aid, Barbara Castle, Lionel Elvin, Derrick Sington, Dorking, October 25-27. Details 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

DAVIES'S Training course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, October 14 to December 4. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W.14. PARk 8392.

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PORTUGUESE/Spanish evening classes in London. From Sept. 30. Details: Education Dept., Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. SLO. 7186.

DID you learn French at school—and still can't speak it? Our Direct Method will help you. Also German, Spanish and Italian. St. Giles' School, 147 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GER. 1460.

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ENGLISH & Foreign Languages, Shorthand & Commercial English. Regent School of Languages, 160 New Bond Street, W.1. HYDe Park 2258.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club. 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng. classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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MUSIC and Arts in Hampstead. Display and enrolment night Sept. 30 at 8 p.m. Hampstead Town Hall. Sir Hugh Casson, R.D.I., F.R.I.B.A. will speak. Admission free.

JANI Strasser, of Glyndebourne, back from abroad, will resume his teaching of interpretation, voice and coaching at 92 Priory Rd., N.W.6. Maida Vale 8838.

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Course. Present-Day Pattern of Retail Distribution. 12 lectures, fortnightly on Mondays at 7.30, commencing 7th October. Room 15, Friends House, N.W.1. Lecturer: Mrs. C. R. Fulup, B.Sc.(Econ.). Apply to Secretary, London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee, 202 Well Hall Road, S.E.9.

ITALIAN, German, indiv. private tuition, very reas.; East Sheen. PRO. 8565.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Series of 24 meetings, discussion groups & films on "Problems of Childhood & Adolescence" will be held at St. Marylebone Literary Institute, 248 Marylebone Rd., N.W.1, on Wednesdays from 7.30-9.30 p.m., commencing Sept. 25. Enrolment at St. Marylebone Literary Institute.

MARY Duff (Instructor at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art). Private coaching for Voice and Drama. Box 4396.

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SCIENCE Fiction kid's stuff? Not so Astounding Science Fiction—a magazine of brilliant stories & articles for the thinking adult. October issue now on sale, 1s. 9d.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

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"THE Humanist" is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, "Living with Reality," and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist," free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

LABOUR Party Conference special number: "Last Thoughts for Brighton" (R. Palme Dutt); "No! to the No-men" (Ivor Montagu); "A Voice from Syria" (Dr. Mustafa Amine), etc. 1s 8d post free from N.S., Labour Monthly, 134, Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

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THE October issue of the new monthly Socialist discussion journal, Forum, contains articles by Konni Zilliacus, M.P., on Socialists and the Labour Party; G. D. H. Cole replying to critics; John Hughes on Labour and the Status Quo, and Ken Alexander on Inflation. Single copies 1s. 3d. post free, from M. Segal, 38 Warrington Crescent, London, W.9. Subscriptions 7s. for 6 months, 14s. for 12 months.

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